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SIXPENCE.  
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THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE PRINCE ALFRED OF SAXE-COBURG-GOTHA: FLORAL TRIBUTES AROUND THE BIER IN THE CHURCH OF THE SCHLOSS FRIEDENSTEIN.

*Photograph by Professor Uhlenhuth, Coburg.*



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

I thought our Imperial spirit had done with the old complaint that the country is going to the dogs. But in the thousandth number of *Blackwood's Magazine* (a number which is not unworthy of a fine tradition) that formula of a depressed patriotiser reappears in the "New Gibbon," which parodies the style of a great historian to show that Britain is hastening to ruin. Treated in this ponderous manner, the symptoms are truly alarming. Do you ride a bicycle because you cannot afford a horse? Then learn that you are insensible to "the degradation that could prefer a mechanical toy to a living creature with a will independent of, yet conformable to, your own." My experience of the bicycle is that it is full of whims as the vaunted animal it is accused of supplanting; but how can you ride it now you know that it is an instrument of the decline and fall of the British Empire? Tennis is another sign of national decay. Britons find pleasure "in striking a tennis-ball instead of a wild-fowl." Did our manlier ancestors hit the unfortunate bird with a racquet? I thought that even mighty warriors were not ashamed of tennis, and that the hero of Agincourt showed the French that he could cleave a helm as dexterously as he struck a ball. But the style of the later Gibbon does not accommodate itself to these delicate shades. He sees corruption even in the artisan's wife, who used to stay at home and stitch for the children. Now she takes them out every evening to gossip with the neighbours, and exposes their "delicate immaturity to cold at the hours when it should be fortified by sleep." I have seen sleepy babies in trains on the night of a Bank Holiday, but I never dreamed that their thoughtless mothers were destroying the might of England.

Awful, too, is the debasement of literature by the cupidity of novelists. "What once had been a single-minded devotion degenerated into a trade, pursued rather for its accidental emoluments than for its intrinsic charm." Dear, dear! And to think that Shakespeare despised the "accidental emoluments," and did not set up at Stratford-on-Avon as a country gentleman with the profits of his theatre, but retired from business because the "intrinsic charm" of play-writing was spoiled by contact with commercial principles! Trade, you see, is our moral abyss. In the spacious days of Elizabeth, Drake and Hawkins roved the main, plundering Spanish galleons and dutifully paying their redoubtable Sovereign the lioness's share of the booty, which she appreciated so keenly that she could not spare the money to equip with proper stores the ships that beat the Armada. Behold the grandeur that was England. To-day we offend the soul of our Gibbon, and show what pignies we have become, by squabbling about the "open door" for British goods. It is unworthy of a great nation to push its trade; but it was quite worthy to buccanear on the high seas, and divide the loot with a majestic lady who patronised her adventurous subjects when they were successful and disowned them when they failed. Drake, if he were resurgent, would disdain this ambition to sell yarns in the Yangtse Valley. He would want to twist every pig-tail till he had forced the mandarins to disgorge their hoards, and he would picture himself sailing up the Thames with a defiant eye on the Tower, and chaffing with the Queen over the division of the plunder. That would rejoice the heart of the new Gibbon; but I question whether it would demonstrate the utility of Elizabethan methods for the salvation of the Empire.

Other characteristics of our decadence have escaped the Gibbonian eye. If London were not doomed to the fate of Rome, should we be paralysed by the chaos of the traffic in her streets? As a humble imitator, I venture to offer the stately chronicler of national degeneracy in *Blackwood's* a gloomy picture, in which I have borrowed his mournful plumes, hearse and all: "Such was the unbridled opulence of London, that the streets were choked with merchandise, with huge, unwieldy chariots, carrying twelve citizens inside and the like number on the roof, and with lighter vehicles, which, even when denuded of passengers, were driven slowly through the mighty press by men with badges, who rent the air with vituperative cries, careless alike of the reserve of woman and the immature delicacy of the listening child. Upon the foot-way on either side were gathered panic-stricken groups of women, some of them young and fair with that loveliness which gives to Occidental flowers a bloom that the subtler sap of the Orient cannot distill, others worn with poverty and age, and all revealing by their attitudes, and by the wringing of hands, a despair that might visit spirits trembling on the brink of Styx. Hour after hour passed by, and yet the law, stricken with a palsy in the person of an officer clad in raiment that recalled the deepest blue of the element over which Britannia was supposed to rule, failed ignominiously to thrust back the tide which engulfed the liberty of the pedestrian and overtopped the pinnacles of the State. In this crisis of the Imperial fortunes, when the atmosphere was black with belching smoke and red with opprobrious epithets, an edile with something of the old Roman spirit promulgated a decree, forbidding the charioteer with nobody in his chariot to linger tauntingly in the wake of the omnibus-conductor, and of the day

bearing hogheads of old Madeira to aldermen who proclaimed the impunity of vested interests by devouring the emerald tissue of the turtle.

"Unhappily, the public spirit of the edile was ill matched with the Capuan graces of his official chief, and such citizens as still retained a genuine respect for order were amazed to see the Home Secretary lavishing the blandishments of a sinuous tongue upon a hectoring cohort of lawless drivers. From that moment the forces of authority rapidly sank to an abject equivocation with license, and the historian whose melancholy task it is to paint the dissolution of an ancient civilisation feels the blood of a long line of dictators revolting in his veins when he records that the knell of a once imperious race was the insolent crack of a cabman's whip." This is not a strictly accurate survey of the dispute between the "crawling" cabmen and the Commissioner of Police, but it shows how easily you can translate small affairs into tremendous issues by draping yourself in the mantle of the new Gibbon.

If the country is not going to the dogs, nothing can save the journalists. A well-known critic and story-teller has arraigned them at the bar of his own opinion, and found them guilty of hypocrisy and the most debased self-interest. He does not invoke Gibbon or Junius to hammer out his periods, but tells us in unvarnished English that, having professed a love of peace and a yearning for universal brotherhood until the Czar proposed a Conference for the arrest of armaments, we are now in favour of war because it lines our pockets. Battle, murder, and sudden death send up the circulation of papers. You may read an article which deplores a horrible crime, or condoles with the kindred of an eminent man who has fallen down dead; but you know that the writer is exulting because the murder or the sudden death has swelled the sale of his journal. That is why you cannot talk to a journalist without observing with pain that his moral sense is blunted, and that he looks upon blood, whether shed in a public or a private quarrel, as part of his stock-in-trade. He may ensure theft and inveigh against embezzlement; but with what relish he hunts down every detail of the clever robbery at Parr's Bank! He did not steal the thousand-pound notes, but the stealing lines his pockets by multiplying his readers. Have you considered how an insatiable Press stimulates that love of notoriety which is one of the most potent springs of crime? If thieves and assassins were never mentioned in print, would there not be a notable decline of thieving and murdering? This logic (which, I hope, does credit to my candour) shows that the journalist is responsible not only for the murderous feuds of nations, but also for the worst breaches of the Decalogue by private enterprise.

You may say this is a trifle overdone; but surely it is not more extravagant than the assumption that the Press of this country is inspired by greed when it criticises the Czar's scheme as impracticable. It is not mere hypocrisy to express an earnest desire for the abatement of the rivalries which lead to war, when you cannot see how this end is to be achieved by an international boycott of the inventors of new weapons. The mind which pictures the journalists as hostile to the Czar because he seeks to deprive them of their profits on carnage has quaint ideas about the constitution of the world. I have a better theory than that. Having vainly raged together to bring about another Thirty Years' War (what a golden time the original struggle would have been for journalists, had destiny invented us sooner!), the papers conspired secretly to lure the Czar into a peace crusade that they might make "copy" out of his enthusiasm. Think how he has lined the pockets of leader-writers! I have myself turned a fair number of passably honest pennies by ruminations in divers prints. And the most interesting rumination for any student of the perplexities of human nature is that the journalists defeated their earlier purpose by making prodigious armaments the chief guarantees against war. The ideal way of assuring peace would be the total abolition of war material. Does anybody think that feasible? Practical conditions make war so expensive and uncertain a game that a country which is armed for emergencies commands the respect of its neighbours. Why should the common-sense which insists upon that fact be indicted as the lust for slaughter? Even if the Powers were to agree upon a scale of armaments, peace would still be kept by imposing force.

I rejoice to see that one *casus belli* has been removed by a sudden illumination of the French mind. A Paris journal announces that Englishwomen are no longer the frights of the old caricatures dear to the boulevards since the days of Louis Philippe. A few survivals may be found in cheap *pensions* at Rome and Florence; but most Englishwomen are now agreeable to the Parisian eye. They have learned how to dress, though they are still a little weak about the headgear. An English girl's hat is either too small or too large. This reservation need not move the Foreign Office to write warlike despatches. It is well known that English journalists have often been within an ace of compelling our Government to declare war for the avenging of their countrywomen upon their Parisian critics. But the enemy has now made such handsome admissions that one cry for blood is stifled for ever.

## HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

By command of the Queen a memorial service was held on Feb. 10 at the Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace, for his late Royal Highness the Hereditary Prince of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. The Prince of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of York, the Duke and Duchess of Fife, Lord Salisbury, and the Lord Chancellor were among those who attended. The Queen and those of the royal family at Osborne attended a special service in her Majesty's private chapel. The Drawing-Room which was to have been held on Feb. 24 has been postponed until further notice.

The Queen returned to Windsor on Feb. 14. When her Majesty travels to the Riviera for her accustomed journey at Cimiez, Nice, she will this year cross the Channel from Folkestone to Boulogne on board the *Calais-Doures*, one of the steam-boats of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway Company. Her Majesty resides at Windsor till March 9.

Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark have arrived in England this week on a visit to the Prince and Princess of Wales at Sandringham.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught, who are travelling in Egypt, arrived on Saturday evening at Assouan from Cairo, and at the head of the First Cataract on the Nile embarked on board the Khedive's yacht for a trip. Their Royal Highnesses are expected home about March 21.

The Houses of Convocation for the clergy of the Province of Canterbury met on Feb. 8 at the Church House, Westminster Abbey; and those of the Province of York at York Minster next day. The Archbishops of Canterbury and of York explained their intended purpose of jointly hearing disputed cases of irregular practices in ritual and church decoration. This subject was debated in the House of Lords at considerable length on Thursday.

A great fire in the Minorities on the night of Feb. 9 destroyed the large warehouse and factory of the Cork Company (Limited), fully stocked on six floors with cork in all stages of manufacture, adjacent to the London, Tilbury, and Southend Railway.

At a meeting of the Navy League last week, a scheme to promote the employment of British seamen in British merchant-ships, with Government encouragement, conditional upon their joining the Royal Naval Reserve, was approved, to be laid before Mr. Goschen, First Lord of the Admiralty, Mr. Chamberlain, and the President of the Board of Trade, Mr. Ritchie, who has also received an offer from Messrs. Elder, Dempster, and Co., and other shipowners, to train boys for the Navy on board of each of their ships.

The new Miners' Conciliation Board, at a meeting held on Friday, after private conferences between the coal-owners and miners, resolved that the present rate of wages should be increased by 5 per cent. in April, and further, in October, by 2½ per cent. for underground labour, in the federated collieries of all districts of England and Wales. The Lanarkshire coal-owners have refused the sixpence per day which their miners demanded.

An alarming railway collision, but which fortunately caused no loss of life, took place on Saturday night in Scotland, between a goods train and an express passenger train for Glasgow, at the Pollokshaws station on the Kilmarnock, Barrhead, and Glasgow line. The goods train and engine were entirely smashed; the guard had a wonderful escape. Several passengers were severely shaken.

The steam-ship *Martello*, of the Wilson line, from New York, which arrived at Hull on Friday, has suffered terribly from furious gales in the Atlantic; the chief officer and the second officer, the boatswain, and one seaman, were killed on board, from the sea breaking over the decks and hurling them about, one man being tossed out of the "crow's-nest" aloft, probably by the wind. The ship seems to have been handled with much skill and courage. Two other steam-ships, the *Bulgaria*, of the Hamburg-American line, and the *Pavonia*, which sailed from the Mersey on Jan. 24 for Boston, are thought to be adrift in a helpless condition. On Feb. 14 the White Star liner *Germania*, overtaken by a coating of ice and top-weight of coal, was sunk at her pier in New York Harbour. Divers were sent below to shut the ports. She will be raised in a few days. The damage is slight.

In France the Dreyfus case is now about to go before the full Court of Cassation, including the Judges both of the Civil and of the Criminal Chamber, the inquiry by the latter tribunal having been closed last week; and the two Chambers, sitting together, may either pronounce a final acquittal or may direct a new trial by court-martial. This change from the usual order of judicial proceeding has been obtained by a special legislative measure to which the Government has found it necessary to resort.

It is believed that negotiations are proceeding between the British and French Governments for the settlement of the frontier boundaries of the Bahr-el-Ghazal territory of the Soudan, as Anglo-Egyptian dominion, and the territory of the French Congo.

At the Chinese Legation in Paris on Friday the Secretary, Lien Yung, was shot dead by one of the Attachés, who is said to have been insane; he immediately afterwards shot himself, and died before a surgeon could be fetched.

The funeral of the late Princess Ferdinand of Bulgaria was solemnised with Roman Catholic Church rites at Sofia, and at Philippopolis with those of the Greek Church.

The treaty of peace with Spain was ratified by a vote of the United States Senate at Washington on Feb. 6 with only three votes to spare; it has been signed by the President. America is now only at war with the Filipinos, and the actual hostilities during the past week have been rather serious between Manila, the capital, from which the insurgents or partisans of native independence were lately repulsed in a futile night attack, and their own positions, about the neighbouring towns of Malabon and Calocan, and in the intervening villages, to the north of Manila. There has been much fighting from day to day, General Otis pressing them hard and pushing on as quickly



as the difficulties of transport would allow. Of their original force, reckoned at twenty thousand, they lost, in killed, wounded, prisoners, and deserters, nearly a third part by the end of the week. The American troops, on Friday, Feb. 10, aided on the Pasig River by Admiral Dewey's gun-boats, easily captured the town of Calocan, and next day took possession of Malabon, losing, in this advance, only six men killed and less than sixty wounded. It is probable that Aguinaldo may surrender. Iloilo, which is in another island, has been captured by the Americans.

The inquiry into the alleged misconduct of the American War Office in regard to the supply of food to the American troops in Cuba has resulted in a general acquittal. Mr. Alger, the Minister of War, is commended, and the shortcomings of other officials are decorously veiled. This report has caused great dissatisfaction.

Indian public feeling in the Bombay Presidency and the Deccan has been much disturbed by the assassination on Feb. 8 at Poona of the two brothers Dravid, Brahmins, who were the chief witnesses against the murderer of Mr. Rand, the medical officer in the plague time, and Lieutenant Ayerst. It is suspected that there is a wide conspiracy against British law and justice. The rebel outlaw tribes at Gumatti, on the south-west frontier of Beloochistan, have been dispersed, and all their towers demolished.

## MUSIC.

Mr. Leonard Borwick has now completed his present series of pianoforte recitals by proving his singular capacity for interpretation in works of the most various kind. Although it is in Schumann that we like Mr. Borwick best, we have an extremely high opinion of him in work of an utterly different character. His Beethoven playing is not, if you will, so grand as is the Beethoven playing of d'Albert, but it is very fine nevertheless. His Chopin playing, again, is of a very fine distinction, although it would be possible to name certainly two other artists who surpass him in this respect. But Mr. Borwick is peculiarly satisfactory in that by his moderation, by his mental equipoise, by the nice balance of his powers, he never sinks below a certain high level of excellence, although his flights are occasionally overtopped by this or that rival artist.

Take, for example, M. Vladimir de Pachmann, who gave a recital at the St. James's Hall on a recent day. Here is an artist for whose Beethoven and Schubert playing—and both these composers were down upon his programme—we frankly do not care at all. He seems to extract with the utmost care all the essential strength from these composers, and to lay them before you tricked out in fantasy and pretty decorations. It is just for all the world as if a man were to take some Greek statue from the British Museum and attire it in the dandy costume of the eighteenth century. But when M. de Pachmann comes to his Chopin, there is a very different story to tell indeed. Here his peculiar mannerisms, which seem so inappropriate when practised on Beethoven, fall into their natural places. He smiles at you, he wrinkles his eyebrows, he lays his head upon one side, or he languishes to the ceiling, all to some purpose. His playing on this occasion of the Nocturne in D Flat (Op. 27, No. 2) was nothing short of masterly. In every way he made the right point, and in exquisite fashion. Here was a most perfect expression of art. Not Paderewski himself could have played it better. We praise all the more freely because we have as freely confessed where our admiration for de Pachmann's pianoforte-playing comes to a halt.

The Elderhorst Wednesday afternoon chamber concerts have been renewed, after a somewhat long holiday lapse, at the Steinway Hall. They opened with a Dvorák Quintet, which was not by any means a work of astounding beauty, but which was played with considerable skill by Mr. Elderhorst and his associates. Madame Adelina de Lara was the pianist of the afternoon, and played quite prettily. She gave us among other things a quite charming little Scherzo composed by Mr. Landon Ronald. Mr. Ronald, among the younger generation of English composers, ranks with the most musically and accomplished. It is true that he has put his name to work not really worthy of his pen; but he has a distinction of talent, and an apprehension of what is fine in music which he should encourage and cultivate to the very last point of his endeavour.

The Carl Rosa Company have been finishing their season with one or two interesting performances. "Tristan and Isolde" has been given in English, and Benedict's "Lily of Killarney"—strange comrades these, indeed!—has been revived. The "Tristan," though not, perhaps, rising ever to any great level of excellence, was nevertheless creditable to all concerned. If in the first two acts Mr. Brozel was not at his best, he found his opportunity in the last act. Miss Lucille Hill was not the regal Isolde we look for, but she sang well. Miss Kirkby Lunn was an excellent Brangäne, and Mr. MacCunn really deserves immense credit for the manner in which he successfully piloted his forces through work so difficult and so complex. For the rest, the revival of "The Lily of Killarney" needs no more than a passing reference. It is a wretched opera, and it was not, perhaps, the fault of the company that it seemed so ineffectual and dull. It did not deserve revival.

The Curtius Concert Club continues to flourish like the green bay-tree. The Marie Fillingner Quartet have there sung the "Liebes-Lieder" waltzes of Brahms in a perfectly artistic way. We do not very much love these songs, it is true, and at times they seem to come perilously near to the commonplace; but they have a completeness, a significance, and a buoyancy, for the most part, which are engrossing enough when they are well sung, as they assuredly were on this occasion. In some Haydn Quartets these singers were not so successful. The quartets belonged to another period, and these singers seemed so modern that the two did not coalesce comfortably. For all that, it was a most interesting concert, as few concerts have failed to be of those given by Mr. Schulz Curtius at Prince's Galleries.

## PARLIAMENT.

The debate on the Address has been signalled by the failure of two important Amendments in the Commons. Mr. Samuel Smith called upon the Government to undertake some "legislative steps" to prevent lawlessness in the Church. He was defeated by a very large majority, and the debate indicated a prevalent belief that the subject ought to be left for the present in the hands of the Bishops. Mr. Balfour declared that he would assent to no scheme which tended to impair the comprehensive character of the Church of England. He spoke strongly against the confessional, but gave no hint of what measures might have to be adopted to prevent the confessional from being embodied by a section of the Church in the routine of religious observance. In the Lords the Bishop of Winchester raised a similar discussion, in which Lord Halifax and Lord Kinnaird figured respectively as the spokesmen of the Ritualists and Protestants. Lord Halifax refused to yield a jot of the position which the English Church Union has taken up, and the Archbishop of Canterbury maintained that the amount of Romanism in the Church was "exceedingly small." He admitted that there were disobedient clergy, but suggested that the disobedience would not withstand the tribunal of inquiry and admonition which he and the Archbishop of York intend to set up. Mr. Labouchere proposed an Amendment against the House of Lords, and promptly revealed a serious division in the ranks of the Opposition. His plan for reform of the Lords is to enable the Crown to pass over the heads of the Upper Chamber any measure which has been carried in the Commons in two successive sessions. Mr. Lawson Walton moved to amend this proposition by depriving it of its distinctive character. He said the majority of the Liberal Party, while desiring to reform the House of Lords, had by no means decided how it should be done. This view was supported by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, and gave Mr. Balfour an opportunity to comment upon the distracted counsels of his opponents. Mr. Balfour made an effective point by showing that the Liberal leader now admitted the necessity of postponing Home Rule until they saw the outcome of the Irish Local Government Act. It was the House of Lords they had to thank for enabling them to exercise this wise reserve. He argued that the largest Parliamentary majorities were elected by comparatively small majorities in the constituencies, and that a Second Chamber was therefore necessary to force a dissolution, and give the country a chance of reconsidering projects of far-reaching change. On the other hand, the leader of the Opposition urged that the only projects which were supposed to need this reconsideration came from one party in the State. When the Conservatives were in office, they might propose anything with the assurance that the Lords would not reject it. A debate on foreign affairs, initiated by Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett, produced optimistic declarations by Mr. Balfour and Mr. Brodrick. Mr. Balfour insisted that Great Britain had preserved the "open door" for commerce in China, and Mr. Brodrick gave some statistics of the concessions to British enterprise in the Yangtze Valley.

One of the most striking characteristics of the British Army is the reluctance of officers to appear in uniform unless they are engaged in military duty. Sir George Wolsley, who commands the Madras army, has set himself to correct this reluctance. He has issued a regulation which must be staggering to his subordinates. They are directed to wear uniform at all public entertainments. A commanding officer at a station must appear in uniform at a dinner-party. Will the Commander-in-Chief carry out this discipline at home? He has already pointed out that officers must not wear plain clothes, as they often do, when performing staff duties; but it is a long step from this order to insisting upon uniform at dinner. By the way, nobody has ever offered a sufficient explanation of this unpopularity of the Queen's uniform in the service.

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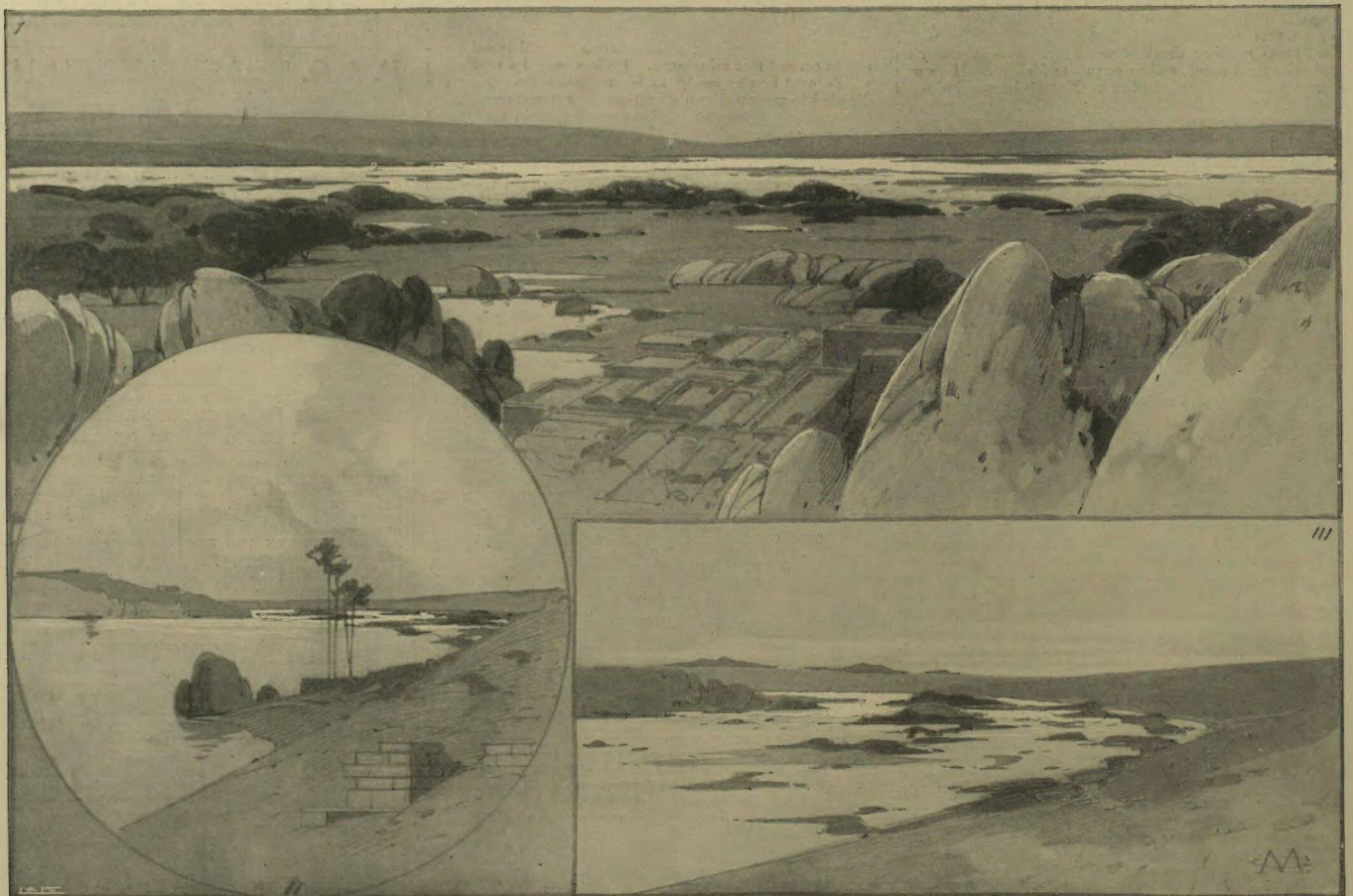
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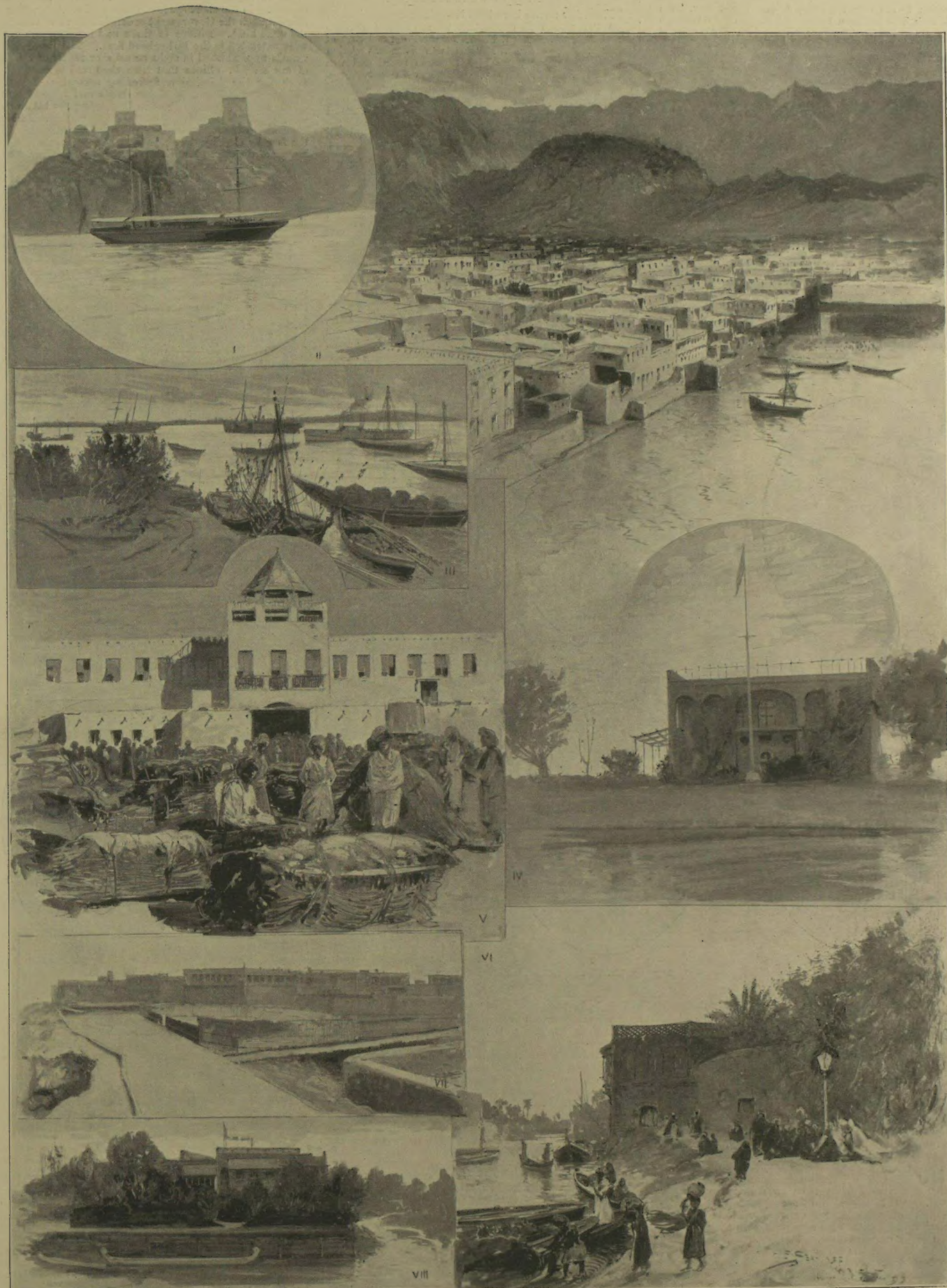
THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE PRINCE ALFRED OF SAXE-COBURG-GOTHA AT SCHLOSS FRIEDENSTEIN: THE FAREWELL VOLLEY.

*From a Photograph by Professor Uhlenuth, Coburg.*



1. Shellal, on the Right Bank of the Nile. 2. End of First Cataract at Assouan and Elephantine, from the Island of Elephantine. 3. Bottom of First Cataract near Assouan, from the Libyan Desert  
SCENES NEAR THE SITE OF THE GREAT NILE DAM, OF WHICH THE FOUNDATION-STONE WAS LAID BY THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT ON FEBRUARY 12.





- |   |                               |  |                               |
|---|-------------------------------|--|-------------------------------|
| 1. Sultan's Yacht, Muscat Cove.         | 2. Bird's-Eye View of Muscat. | 3. H.M.S. "Sphinx," Busreh River.      | 4. Commodore's House, Busreh. |
| 5. Pier and Custom-House, Bander Abbas. | 6. Busreh Creek.              | 7. Bushire Residency and Tennis-Court. | 8. British Consulate, Busreh. |

THE REPORTED FRENCH GAIN IN MUSCAT: SCENES IN THE PERSIAN GULF AND GULF OF OMAN.

From Photographs supplied by Mr. H. Adcock.



## PERSONAL.

The new Master of Pembroke College, appointed in succession to the late Dr. Price, is the Right Rev. John Mitchinson, who has been Assistant-Bishop in Peterborough diocese since 1886. The new Master is a distinguished Pembroke man, and during his career took three Firsts—in Moderations, in Literæ Humaniores, and in Natural Science. He was President of the Union, and was elected a Fellow of Pembroke. From 1859 to 1873 he was Head Master of the King's School, Canterbury; in the latter year he became Bishop of Barbadoes and the Windward Islands. From 1879 to 1882 he was Coadjutor to the Bishop of Antigua.

The Rev. George Augustus Lefroy, who has been appointed Bishop of Lahore in succession to the late Bishop Matthew, has for several years been head of the Cambridge University Mission at Delhi. He studied at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated M.A. In 1879 he took deacon's orders at Ely, and in 1881 was ordained priest. From 1885 he was examining chaplain to the Bishop of Lahore. From 1879 to 1896, with two intervals of furlough, he was missionary at Delhi.

The new head of the Ordnance Factories, in succession to Sir William Anderson, is Colonel Edmond Bainbridge, C.B., an officer of the Royal Artillery, long associated with Woolwich Arsenal, where he now vacates the post of Superintendent of the Royal Laboratory. He was only nineteen when he completed his studies at the Royal Military Academy in 1860. No sooner had he gained his captaincy than he was appointed Inspector

which would have justified it in stopping the inquiry some time ago. This points to conclusive evidence that the slippery traitor has been cornered at last.

Of late, few names have been brought more prominently before the public in connection with *l'affaire Dreyfus* than that of M. Mazeau, First President of the Court of Cassation. M. Charles Mazeau was born at Dijon in 1825. He studied law in his native town, and was admitted to the doctorate at the early age of twenty-three. From that time until the fall of the Empire, a period of twenty-three years, he was content to practise as a barrister attached to the Court of Cassation and the Council of State. But he was fired with political ambition by the new impetus given to public life on the re-establishment of the Republic, and aspired to Parliamentary honours. He was elected Deputy to the National Assembly in 1871, and five years later was elected to the Senate, being returned to both by his native department of the Côte d'Or. On Nov. 25, 1882, he was appointed a Councillor of the Court of Cassation; but in 1885 he gave up the active duties of the post (becoming an honorary Councillor) in order to devote himself entirely to his political work. The reward of his devotion was quick to follow. In the Rouvier Ministry of 1887 he was made Minister of Justice and of Public Worship. On March 1, 1890, he succeeded M. Barbier as First President of the Court of Cassation.

The late Mr. Thomas Cooke, M.D., who died on Feb. 8, was the only son of John Hawley Cooke and Jane Hawley, daughter of the Hon. Richard Hawley. He was born in 1841, and was educated in Paris. He took his B.A.

the best use was made of it. The Government required a mortar-vessel of light draught, and the order for it was given to the Lairds. They supplied the vessel, ready and complete, in the short space of three weeks. As a result of this despatch the Government ordered sixty more vessels of the same kind. Fifteen of these and fourteen gun-boats were entrusted to the Birkenhead firm. The twenty-nine vessels were finished in eight months, or nearly at the rate of one a week. Since that time the firm has done much work for the Admiralty, including several well-known battle-ships and a fleet of gun-boats and torpedo-boats. At the present moment they are engaged on the battle-ship *Glory*, which is rapidly approaching completion. Birkenhead showed its appreciation of the services rendered by the firm by electing the subject of this notice three times Mayor of the city. Mr. Laird was also a member of the Council of the Institution of Naval Architects, besides being a member of the Council of the Institution of Mechanical Engineers.

An eminent Churchman passed away on Wednesday, Feb. 8, in the person of Mr. George Andrew Spottiswoode, senior partner in the famous printing firm of Spottiswoode and Co. Mr. Spottiswoode was a scion of the ancient Berwickshire family of Spottiswoode of Spottiswoode, and was born in 1827, his father being Mr. Andrew Spottiswoode, of Broom Hall, Surrey. Entering the family business, Mr. Spottiswoode took an absorbing interest in its welfare, and saw it grow to its present great proportions. He also directed the *Shipping Gazette* and *Lloyd's List*, which journal is the property of his firm. He will be remembered for his active work in connection

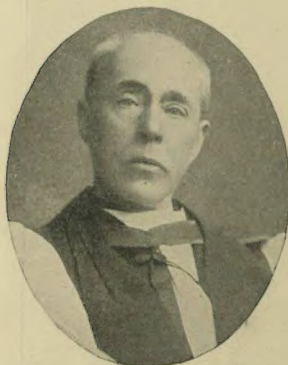


Photo. Russell.

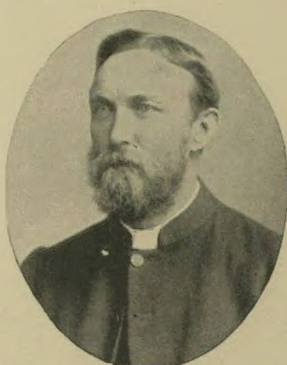
THE RIGHT REV. J. MITCHINSON,  
New Master of Pembroke College, Oxford.

Photo. Elliott and Fry.

THE REV. G. A. LEFROY,  
New Bishop of Lahore.

Photo. Lombardi and Co.

COLONEL E. BAINBRIDGE,  
New Chief of Ordnance Factories.

Photo. Picot, Paris.

M. CHARLES MAZEAU,  
First President of the Court of Cassation.

Photo. Russell.

THE LATE MR. THOMAS COOKE.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.

THE LATE MR. WILLIAM LAIRD.



Photo. Faganis, Singapore.

MR. J. W. GONSALVES.

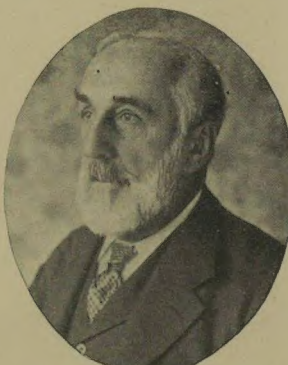


Photo. Elliott and Fry.

THE LATE MR. G. A. SPOTTISWOODE.

of Warlike Stores at Portsmouth, and two years later he had begun his work—in the Experimental Department—at Woolwich. By then a Brevet Major, in 1881 he took over the duties of an Assistant-Secretary of the Ordnance Committee. A little later he became Instructor of the School of Gunnery, and further important positions in the Ordnance Department prepared him for the prominent appointment that is now his. Colonel Bainbridge's services were rewarded by a Companionship of the Bath, conferred upon him on the occasion of her Majesty's Diamond Jubilee.

M. Dupuy is expected to carry through the Senate the Bill which has been voted by the Chamber, and which entrusts the revision of the Dreyfus case to the three united Chambers of the Supreme Court. The full Court is not authorised to begin the inquiry all over again, but it will base its judgment on the evidence already collected. As this evidence is supposed by the anti-revisionists to be vitiated by the partiality of the Criminal Chamber, it is difficult to see how a judgment in favour of revision is to command general assent. But M. Dupuy is suspected of desiring to see a new trial ordered—a trial by court-martial. From such a tribunal Dreyfus would have short shrift, and by this means the *"Affaire"* would be finally stifled.

Esterhazy is said to have been confronted with du Paty de Clam during the investigation by President Loew and his colleagues. De Clam professed to know nothing about the "veiled lady," nor how Esterhazy received the famous secret document from the War Office. On the other hand, Esterhazy declared that the "veiled lady" was de Clam himself, who handed over the document. One of the judges of the Criminal Chamber has stated that the Court has letters of Esterhazy's

and B.Sc. in 1862, and his M.D. in 1870; while in Paris he was house-surgeon to the following hospitals: Bicêtre, St. Eugénie, St. Louis, Lariboisière, and Le Midi, and Demonstrator of Anatomy in the Ecole Pratique de la Faculté de Médecine de Paris. He came over to England in 1870, and in 1871 he married the Comtesse Aglaé de Hamel de Manin, the daughter of the late Jean François, twenty-first Comte de Hamel de Manin. He took his M.R.C.S. in January and his F.R.C.S. Eng. in June 1871, and was appointed Demonstrator of Anatomy and Physiology to the Westminster Hospital Medical School during the years 1871 to 1875. He was for many years assistant-surgeon to the same institution, and was surgeon to the out-patients up to the time of his death. The great work of his life was the foundation of Cooke's School of Anatomy, Physiology, and Operative Surgery in 1870: he started it with two or three students, but it was attended by yearly increasing numbers till it attained its present unique position in the medical world, and in acknowledgment of his valuable work he received recognitions from the University of London, the University of Durham, the Colleges of Surgeons and Physicians, and other bodies. His death took place at his school when he was in the very act of demonstrating to some students.

In the person of Mr. William Laird, who died at Birkenhead on Feb. 7, there passed away a man to whom England owes much as a pioneer of steam navigation. He had it by kind, for the Lairds were among the first to introduce the building of iron vessels in our English dockyards. When Mr. Laird left Harrow, he entered his father's office in Liverpool, and received a thorough training in engineering and naval architecture. A great chance came to the firm at the time of the Crimean War, and

with all Church affairs, particularly in the Lay Helpers' Association. Mr. Spottiswoode's death was referred to with the deepest regret in both Houses of Convocation and in the House of Laymen. The last-named House adjourned out of respect to his memory.

Mr. J. Wilton Gonsalves, the young Eurasian composer who has made some stir in musical circles in India lately, was born in Calcutta on March 15, 1870. Mr. Gonsalves received his education at St. Xavier's College of that city. After a school career of fifteen years, he was for five years in the Government service. His musical talent displayed itself even in his school days, and he composed his first piece at the early age of sixteen. He is the first Eurasian composer of any note that India has produced.

The Empress Frederick is said to be thinking of building a villa at Allassio. Of all the favourite resorts in the Riviera, Allassio is the most English. It may be hoped that this will not be seized upon by suspicious German journalists as another proof of the Empress Frederick's dangerous predilections for her native country and language. The English residents at Allassio are not politicians.

There is a melancholy story that the ear of a balloon and the bodies of three men have been found in Eastern Siberia. The suggestion is that this discovery clears up the mystery of the Andrée expedition. But it is objected that the district where the bodies are said to have been seen by some members of a wandering tribe is fairly well populated, and that the explorers would have been within easy reach of help. The point cannot be decided until inquiries have been made by the Russian authorities.



## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## THE FUNERAL OF PRINCE ALFRED.

The funeral of the late Prince Alfred of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha took place on Friday at Gotha, to which place his body had been brought from Meran, in the Austrian Tyrol, by the Duke, his father, and the Grand Duke of Hesse. The ceremony was in the Friedenstern Church adjacent to the Ducal Palace. The body was received at the railway-station at half-past ten, and was borne on the shoulders of twelve non-commissioned officers of the 95th Regiment to the hearse. On arriving at the church, the coffin was laid before the altar on a bier surrounded, as our Illustration shows, by a profusion of flowers. All the members of the ducal family were present during the service. After the coffin was lowered, the troops drawn up outside the castle fired three volleys, the *Ehrensalve*.

## THE GREAT NILE RESERVOIR.

On Feb. 12 a scheme which will have a far-reaching influence on the future of Egypt was inaugurated by the

Consul at Muscat, has been ingratiating himself with the Sultan for months past. One result of M. Oravi's efforts is that secret agents of the French and Russian Governments have been pursuing a common plan of operations recently at Bander Abbas, Bushire, and other places on the Persian Gulf. Bander Abbas, at the head of the Straits of Ormuz, is given as the secret object of Russia's ambition. As for Bushire, it possesses a double importance, as being at once the termination of the land-route from Shiraz, and the principal *entrepôt* of Persia on the Persian Gulf. The interests involved in this new question are therefore sufficiently grave. The French Press denies that France has secured anything but a slight commercial advantage.

## THE NICE CARNIVAL.

To the Londoner, who is wondering whether he had better discard his umbrella and take to a diving-suit, there is something incredible and eerie in the thought of the Carnival at Nice. His imagination is not equal to the spectacle of a battle of flowers on Hampstead Heath or Primrose Hill. This entertainment has been tried at Eastbourne, but even that gallant enterprise has faded

displayed is the retention of minute and apparently quite useless external ears, all traces of which have disappeared in ordinary seals. A second is the position of the hind flippers, which, instead of being permanently directed backwards as a continuation of the axis of the body, as in ordinary seals, are, when on land, either bent forward beneath the body, or, as in the specimen shown in our Illustration, turned downwards at right angles to the same.

Sea-lions, or hair-seals, attain larger dimensions than their cousins the sea-bears, or fur-seals; and lack the woolly under-fur which renders the skins of the latter of such high commercial value. And they are accordingly hunted only for the sake of their oil and the leather yielded by their skins. They are restricted to the Pacific and Southern Oceans, where they extend from the Pribiloff Islands to the south of New Zealand. The males are always much larger than the females; and, like the sea-bears, each old bull collects a harem during the sojourn on land in the breeding-season. The subject of our Illustration is apparently a young male, belonging to the true Californian sea-lion. For it happens that on the Farallone Islands, off San Francisco, two distinct species

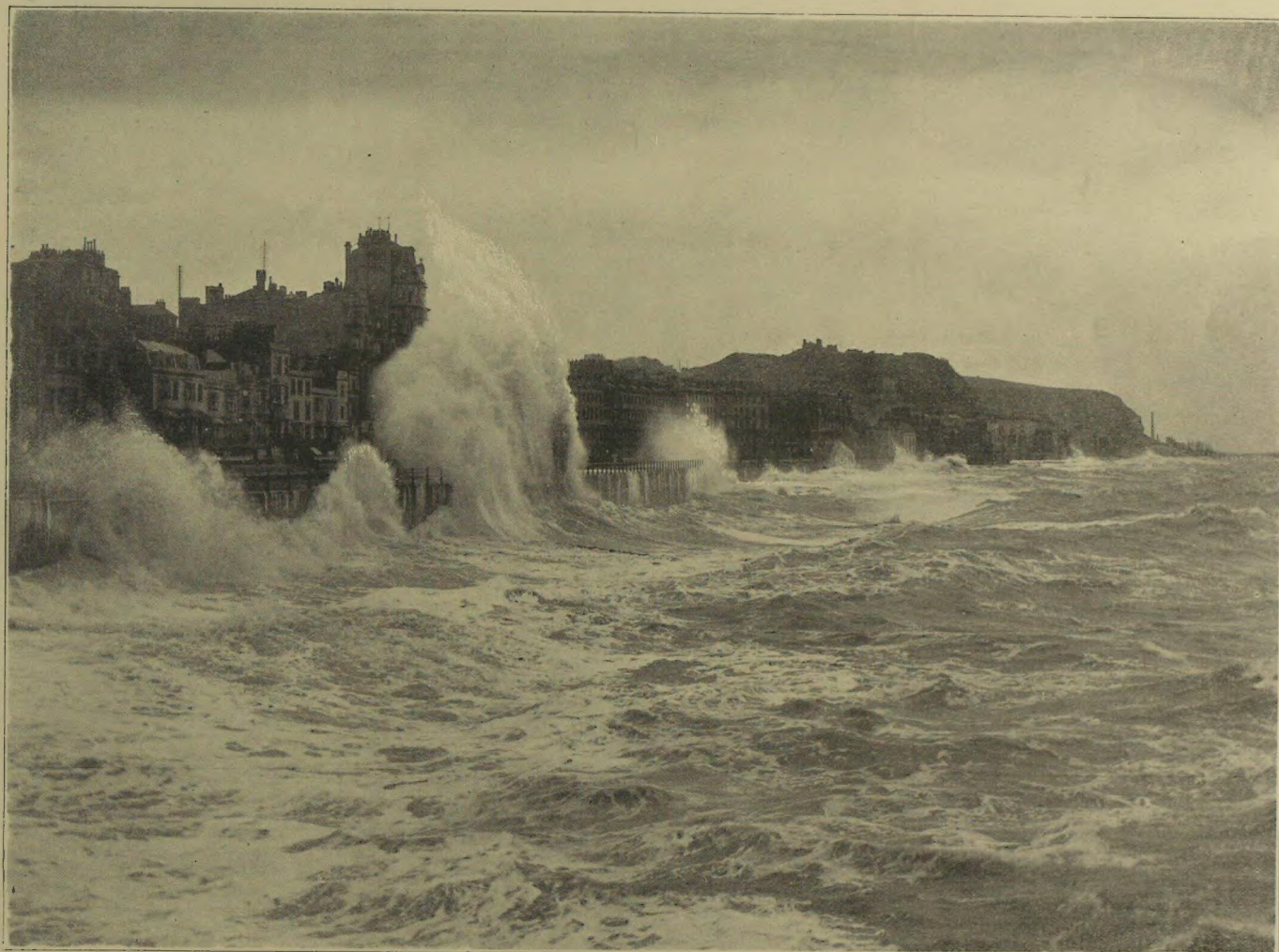


Photo. Blomfield and Co., Hastings.

HASTINGS DURING THE RECENT STORM: VIEW LOOKING EAST.

Our Illustration is typical of the heavy seas that have prevailed on the south coast during the recent gales. The storms and floods are treated in detail on another page.

Duke of Connaught. On that day his Royal Highness laid the foundation-stone of the first of the two huge dams which are being constructed across the Nile. The Duke was accompanied by Fakhy Pasha, Minister of Public Works. Mr. Aird, the contractor, presented a silver trowel, the Inspector-General of Irrigation a mallet, and Messrs. Aird's manager a straight-edge. The Duke, after giving the customary taps, declared the stone well and truly laid in the name of the Khedive. After the ceremony the Duke sent the Khedive a congratulatory telegram. The dam will be a mile and a quarter in length, eighty feet wide, and eighty feet high. It will raise the height of the Nile for 140 miles, and will occupy ten months in building.

## THE MUSCAT INCIDENT.

Early in the present week telegrams from Bombay announced that France had acquired a harbour in the Sultanate of Muscat, a town and district in the south-east of Arabia. The town itself is a very important commercial centre, owing to its position, which makes it a natural emporium between India, Arabia, and Persia. The port has a depth of from 65 ft. to 165 ft., and is well protected. It is obvious that the place is of great commercial and strategic importance. This was recognised by Albuquerque, who captured the place in 1507. It appears to be equally well recognised by the French now, for it seems that M. Oravi, the French

away in mists of implacable rain. The South can be wooed only in the South, and the Londoner, be his fancy ever so lively, cannot feed it on excursions by the Brighton and South Coast Railway. Our picture gives a tantalising semblance of that gaiety which stirs the blood on the Riviera. At Nice a Princess (whose name cannot be mentioned by the cold discretion of our climate) has been known to disguise herself in a thick veil, mingle with the crowd of revellers, and pelt her revered mother with flowers. Such an incident gives a vivid idea of the stimulus of the real South which breaks through the rigour of Court etiquette, and makes the daughter of a Queen believe for a moment that she is a child of the people. Who can imagine an escapade like that under our chilly skies? No one who has taken part in the Nice Carnival can forget the glamour of sea and sky, the perfume of the air, the insidious indolence which creeps through the veins that are Northern bred. With that memory you will look at our picture, and revolt against the stern discipline of the much-worn umbrella.

## STUDIES AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

## VIII.—A CALIFORNIAN SEA-LION.

Sea-lions and sea-bears, otherwise eared seals, form, to some extent, a connection between ordinary seals and the land carnivora, and are therefore of special interest to the evolutionist. One feature whereby this connection is

are met with; one identical with the sea-lion of the Pribiloffs, and the other a more southern form, to which the name of Californian sea-lion properly belongs. They may be distinguished by the contour of the profile, which is convex in the former and concave in the latter; and there is also a difference in their voice.—R. LYDEKKE.

## SUBMARINE NAVIGATION.

Since M. Lockroy, the French Minister of Marine, ecstatically expressed his opinion that, with submarine torpedo-boats of the *Gustave Zédé* type, France need not fear England's armaments, public interest in this form of navigation has been greatly aroused. The problem was first seriously taken up in 1797 by Robert Fulton, but so early as 1664 one William Bourne studied submarine craft. Since Fulton's time no less than 118 projects have been put forward. Of these we illustrate the most notable up to the recent inventions of M. Gustave Zédé and M. Romazzotti. The newest boats are held to be easily immersed, easily propelled, of adequate stability, and as the *Gustave Zédé* showed, accurate in the delivery of torpedoes, the French battle-ship *Magenta* being struck fairly amidships during the recent experiments. Thus our Gallic neighbours. We cooler-headed islanders, however, remember that the *Gustave Zédé*'s highest speed is only nine knots, and that she cannot run for more than forty or fifty miles.

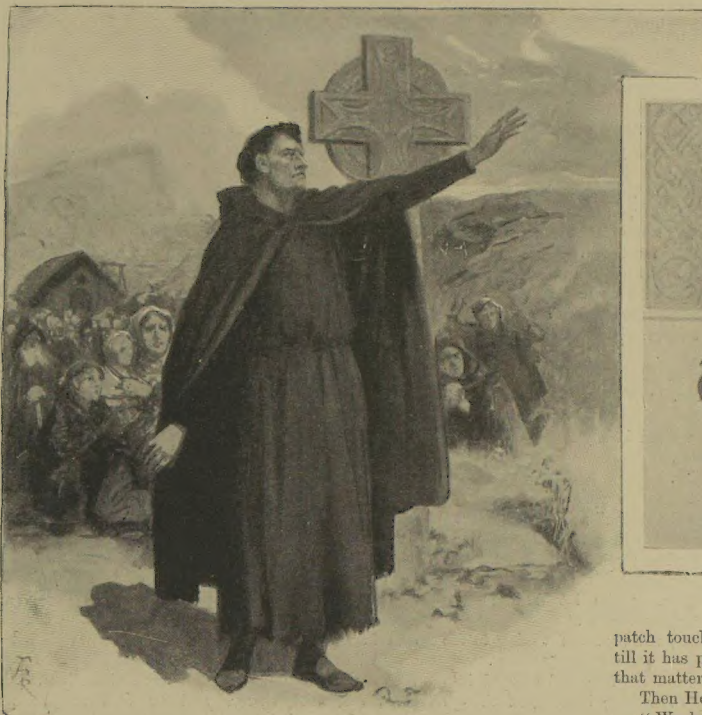




THE BATTLE OF FLOWERS AT NICE: THE CARRIAGES PASSING ALONG THE PROMENADE DES ANGLAIS.

*From a Photograph by Fabio, supplied by Leon Douet.*





## CHAPTER XIV.

## THE FALL OF THE LOT.

The elders of the Caio tribe assembled as enjoined. Some few were not present, risking the anger of Rogier rather than appear before him. But the majority conceived it advisable to attend; and, in fact, a gathering of the notables was necessary for the apportionment of the fine that had to be raised. Although a mark in silver was what had to be exacted from each house, yet, as the majority of the inhabitants were too poor to pay such a sum, the richer would have to supplement the deficiency. The fine was imposed on the district as a whole. The amount was calculated by the hearths, but each householder was not expected to pay the same fixed sum.

This was well understood, and the adjustment of the burden had to be considered in common. There was, so it was generally supposed, no exceptional cause for further uneasiness. The tax must be raised, and when the silver had been paid, then the valley would be rid of its intruders—with the exception of the renegade Cadell, forced on the tribe as its ecclesiastical chief. That Rogier had any fresh cause of complaint against the inhabitants was not suspected.

They assembled accordingly, and entered the council-hall.

It was not till all were within that the young men and women without were filled with alarm and suspicion by seeing the men-at-arms slowly, and in orderly fashion, close in and completely surround the edifice, and a strong detachment occupy the door.

Rogier had remained outside, and gave directions. Presently he stepped within, attended by two men, one of whom served as his interpreter.

The sun was shining, and it had painted a circle on the floor through the opening in the gable.

Then the Norman took his sword, and drew a line in the dust with it from the president's seat to the doorway.

"I give ye," said he, "till the sun hath crossed this line, wherein to discuss and arrange as to the payment of the fine. Till then—no one leaves the hall. After that—I have a further communication to make."

The men looked in one another's faces and wondered what this meant. A fresh impost? They were not aware that occasion had been given for this; but who could be sure with one so rapacious as Rogier! It was the case of the Wolf and the Lamb in the fable.

The Norman now left the courthouse and sauntered about outside, speaking to his men, looking pryingly among those of the natives who, in an anxious, timorous crowd, remained in every avenue between the houses, ready at a threat to escape.

After the lapse of approximately an hour the Norman re-entered the hall and walked directly to the principal seat to take it.

Then up started an aged man, and with vehement gesticulations and in words of excitement addressed him: "That seat is taken by none—save of the race of Cunedda. It belongs to our chief, who is of the blood royal. None other may occupy it."

"I take it by the right of the sword," answered Rogier. "And let me see the man who will turn me out of it. I take it as deputy to my brother, the bishop."

He laughed contemptuously, and let himself down on the chair.

"Well," said he, looking round, "have you settled among yourselves as to the contribution? The round gold

# PABO

## THE PRIEST

By S. BARING GOULD

ILLUSTRATED BY A. FORESTIER.

patch touches my line. I give you till it has passed across it to conclude that matter."

Then Howel ap John stood up.

"We have considered and apportioned the charges," he said, and his cunning eyes contracted. "Amongst ourselves we have arranged what each is to pay. But, inasmuch as we are nothing save tribesmen of our chief, and as

the right over the land was at one time wholly his, but has since suffered curtailment, so that portions have become hereditary holdings of the chief men, yet as still the common lands, as well as the glebe and the domain, belong to the chief, it has seemed reasonable and just that he should bear one-third of the fine, and that this shall be levied on his land and homesteads, and two-thirds upon us."

When this was translated to Rogier, he laughed aloud.



The bishop's brother spurned him from him with disgust.



"I see," said he, "the holder of the benefice is to bear a third. What will Cadell say to that?"

"It is a decision according to equity," said Howel.

"I care not. Cadell is not here to protect himself. So long as I have the silver to hand to the bishop, it is indifferent to me whether you bleed your own veins, or fleece your pastor. He has been put in a fat pasture by my brother; it is right that he pay for it."

"In two days the silver shall be brought here and weighed out."

"It is well." Rogier looked at the sun-patch. "That is concluded; now tarry till the sun traverses the line. Then we will brouch other business."

All sat now in silence, their eyes on the soil, watching the patch of light as it travelled.

The men of Caio were aware that the doorway was guarded. But what was threatened they could not conjecture. They had endured intolerable provocations without resistance. They were anxious at heart; their breasts contracted at the dread of fresh exactions. Some looked at Rogier to endeavour to read his purpose in his face; but his, as well as the countenances of his attendants, were expressionless.

The sun-round passed on. Then a cloud obscured the light, a fine and fleecy cloud that would be gone shortly.

All tarried in silence, breathless, fearing they knew not what—but expecting no good.

Then the sun burst forth again, and the circle of fire appeared beyond the line.

At once Rogier stood up.

"You men of Caio, you have thought to deal with a fool, and to deceive me by your craft. But I know what has been done, and will make you to understand on whom ye have practised your devices. Pabo, the chief and Arch-priest, is not dead. It was not he who was consumed in the presbytery. Ye played a stage mystery before our eyes to make us believe that he was dead, and that you were burying him. Pabo is alive and is among you, and you know where he is concealed."

The interpreter was interrupted by outcries of, "We know not. If that were not he, we cannot say where he be. We found a man burned to a cinder. Were we in error in supposing him to be our chief? Show us that it was so!"

Rogier remained unmoved by the clamour.

"Ye are like a parcel of lying, quibbling women," he said. "Pabo is in hiding. Ye are all leagued together to save him. But have him from his lurking-den I will."

"We cannot say where he is. There is not one of us who knows."

"You will admit that he whom ye pretended to be Pabo was some other?"

They looked doubtfully at each other.

"We could not tell. The dead man was found in the ruins of the burnt house. We thought it was Pabo."

"Ye did not. Ye contrived the device between you."

"We will swear that we know not where he is. Bring forth the staff of Cynwyl."

"The staff has been stolen. But I will not trust your oaths. Did not the wife of Pabo swear thereon?" Then Rogier laughed. "She was crafty as the rest of you, and deceived us in her oath. Nay, I will trust no oaths. I will place my reliance on something more secure. Hey! bring forward my bassinet!"

At his order, one of the attendants went to the door and received a steel cap from a soldier without.

"In this bassinet," said Rogier, "there are short willow twigs. There are more twigs than there are householders and notables here assembled. Of these twigs all but six are blank; but on half a dozen a death's head has been scored, with a dagger point, rubbed in with black. He who draws such a figured twig shall be hung on the gallows, where is suspended your church bell—one to-day, a second to-morrow. On Sunday, being a sacred day, none; on Monday a third, on Tuesday a fourth, on Wednesday a fifth, on Thursday the sixth. And on Friday ye shall all assemble here once more, and again draw the lots. I shall hang one of you every day till Pabo be delivered up to me, alive."

Then there broke forth cries, protests, entreaties; there were hands stretched towards the window through which the sun entered, in oath that the whereabouts of Pabo was not known; there were arms extended to Rogier in assurance that Pabo was actually dead. Some cried out that they had had no cognisance of any plot to deceive. Many folded their arms in sullen wrath or despair.

Then Rogier lifted his sword and commanded silence. "No word spoken," said he, "will move me from my purpose. One thing can alone rob the gallows of its rich burden—the delivery of your late chief, Pabo."

"We cannot do it. We know not where he is."

"Then let justice take its course. This I will suffer. When each has drawn his lot from the cap, he shall bring it in his closed fist to me, and open it where I stand in the ray of sunlight. If he have an unmarked stick, he shall go forth by the door unmolested. But he who shall have the death's head in his hand shall tarry here. And when all six are selected, then will I suffer each in turn to be conducted to his home, there to bid farewell to his family, and so to dispose of his worldly affairs as pleaseth him. I will allow each one hour to effect this; then he will return hither. The first man who draws the bad lot shall be strung to the

gallows to-day. If ye be wise men, he will be the only one who will go to make a chime of bells. If Pabo be delivered to me before noon to-morrow, then no second man shall hang. If he be given up on Monday before mid-day no third man shall swing. But—if ye remain obstinate, I will go on hanging you to the last man. Come, in your order, as ye sit; draw to the bassinet and take out your lot. I lay the steel cap on what ye call the seat of your chief."

Then the old man advanced, he who had protested against the occupation of the chair, and said—"I am ready to die, whether in my bed or on the gibbet matters little to me. God grant that I be the man taken. My time at best is but short. Another year to me matters not a hair."

He walked to the bassinet, without hesitation drew his lot, carried it to the Norman—who stood in the sun-ray—and unclosed his withered hand. In it was an unmarked stick.

"Pass forth," said Rogier.

"Nay," said the old man. "My son comes after me—let him draw."

A tall, well-built man walked boldly to the cap, drew, and approached the sunbeam.

"Open!" ordered Rogier.

He held a marked stick.

"On one side—food for the crows," said the Norman.

Then the old man fell on his knees. "I beseech you take me and spare him. He has a young wife and a child. He has life before him, mine is all behind."

"Away," ordered Rogier. "The lot decides—the judgment is with Heaven, not with me."

"Father," said the young man, "I am willing to die for my chief."

Then followed several who went free, and escaped into the open air, where they drew long breaths, as though their lungs had been cramped within.

The next who drew the death's head was a mean little man with pointed, foxy face and red hair. He fell into convulsions of terror, clung to Rogier, implored for life, promised to betray whatever he knew—only, unhappily, he did not know where Pabo was concealed, but undertook, if pardoned, to find out. The bishop's brother spurned him from him with disgust. Then came three with blanks and were sent outside.

The third taken was Howel.

"One can but die once," said he, and shrugged his shoulders. "My old woman will have to look out for a second husband. May he be better than the first."

He stepped aside without the exhibition of much feeling, but avoided the whimpering wretch who had drawn the death's head before him.

"Hah!" said Iorwerth the Smith, as he opened his palm and disclosed the marked twig, "I thought something would fall to me for striking that blow which disabled the Captain's arm. Would to heaven I had aimed better and broken his skull! He did not know me, or I should have been hung before this." Singularly enough, the very next to draw was also one who drew an unlucky stick, and this was Morgan the Sacristan.

"Since the Sanctuary of David has been invaded, and the wild beast of the field tramples on the vineyard, I care not; and now the secret of where is hid the rod of Cynwyl will perish with me."

Next came a whole batch who drew blanks, and gladly escaped with their necks.

The last to draw the death's head looked steadily at it, and said: "She is always right. I thought so; now I'm sure of it. My wife said to me, 'Do not go to the meeting?' I said, 'Why not?' Like a woman, she couldn't give a reason; but repeated, 'Do not go.' I have come, and now shall swing with the rest. It's a rough way of learning a lesson. And having learnt it—can no more practise it."

## CHAPTER XV.

### TWO PEBBLES.

Tidings of the blow to be struck, reaching the hearts of many families—six only at first, but with prospect of more afterwards—had spread through the tribal region. Those who had drawn the unmarked sticks hurried to their homes, not tarrying to learn who were all the unfortunates; and, although relieved for the present, were in fear lest they should be unfortunate at a subsequent drawing.

All knew that Pabo was in concealment, and that his place of concealment was known to none, not even to his wife or to Howel. They had not a clue as to where he was. Some supposed that he had fled to the mountains of Brecknock, others to Cardigan; some, again, that he had attached himself to Griffith ap Rhys, who was traversing South Wales, stirring up disaffection and preparing for a general rising of the Welsh against their oppressors.

Yet hardly half a dozen men desired that he should be taken, and thus free themselves from death. The great and heroic virtue of the Celt lies in his devotion to his chief, for whom he is ready at once to lay down his life.

The hideous prospect that lay before the unfortunate people of Caio was one of illimitable decimation. Would Rogier weary of his barbarous work? Would it avail to send a deputation to the bishop? It was doubtful whether the latter was not as hard of heart as his lay brother.

Gwen, the wife of Howel, was as one stunned. She leaned with both hands against the wall of her house, her

head drooping between them, with dry, glazed eyes, and for long speechless.

Morwen was now in Howel's house. She had returned to it.

She was pale, and quivering with emotion under the weight of great horror, unable to speak.

Her eyes were fixed on the despairing woman, from whose lips issued a low moan, and whose bosom heaved with long-drawn, laborious breaths. Morwen was well aware what sacrifices the tribe was making and would have to make for her husband's safety, and this gave inexpressible pain to her.

The moans of the poor woman cut her to the heart. At length, unable to endure it longer, she went to her, put her arms round her, and drew her to herself. Then, all at once, with a cry, the wife of Howel shook herself free, and found words—

"Monday! It is on Monday that he must die, and that is our thirtieth wedding-day? For all these years we have been together, as one soul, and it will tear the heart out of my body—and to be hung on the gallows—the shame, the loss—and Howel so clever, so shrewd! Where has been his wit that he could not get free? He always had a cunning above other men. And on our wedding-day!" She ran to a coffer and opened it, and drew forth a knitted garment, such as we should nowadays call a jersey.

"See, see!" cried the wretched woman. "I have been fashioning this; a thought of him is knitted into every loop I have made, and I have kissed it—kissed it a thousand times because it was for him. He feels the cold in the long winters, and I made this for him that he might be warm, and wherever he was remember me, and bear my kisses and my finger-work about him. And he must die, and shiver, and be cold in the grave! Nay, shiver and be cold hanging on the gallows, and the cold winds sway him. He shall wear my knitted garment. They will let me pass to him, and I will draw it over him."

Then in at the door came the old man who had been left where his son was taken. He was supporting that son's wife, and at the same time was carrying her child, which she was incapable of sustaining. She was frantic with grief.

"I have brought one sorrowful woman to another," said the old man. "This is Sheena. She must not see it. They are taking my son now to—Keep her here, she is mad. She will run there, and if she sees, she will die. For the child's sake, pity her, make her live—calm her."

She had been allowed an hour with her husband in their house, and then the soldiers had led him away, bound his hands behind his back, and had conducted him towards the church.

She had followed with the child, crying, plucking at her hair with the one free hand, thrusting from her the old man who would hold her back, striving to reach, to retain her husband, her eyes blinded with terror and tears, her limbs giving way under her.

The five men confined within the court-house heard her piercing cries, her entreaties to be allowed once more to kiss her husband, her screams as she was repulsed by the guards. They shuddered and put their hands to their ears; but one, the fox-faced man, whose name was Madoc, burst into a torrent of curses and of blasphemy till Morgan the Sacristan went to him in reproof, and then the wretched man turned on him with imprecations.

"Come now, man," said the smith, "why shouldst thou take on so frantically? We leave wives that we love and that love us; but thy old cat, good faith! I should esteem it a welcome release to be freed from her tongue and nails."

On nearing the gallows, where stood Rogier, that captain ordered the removal of Sheena; and when she saw a ladder set up against the crosspiece that sustained the bell, her cries ceased, she reeled, and would have let the child drop had not her father-in-law caught it from her.

"One kiss—one last kiss! I have forgot something to say—let him bless his child!" she entreated.

Rogier hesitated and consented, on the condition that she should then be at once removed. Thereupon the desolate woman staggered to the foot of the gallows, threw her arms round her husband's neck; and the man who acted as executioner relaxed the rope that bound his wrists, that he might bring his hands before him and lay them on his infant's head. Then the death-doomed man raised his eyes to heaven and said, "The benediction and the strength of God and the help of our fathers David and Cynwyl be with thee, my son, and when thou art a man revenge thy father and thy wronged country."

At once the cord was drawn again, and his hands rebound. The old man took his daughter-in-law in one arm whilst bearing the babe in the other, and seeing that consciousness was deserting Sheena, hurried her to the house of Howel. There, after a moment of dazed looking about her, she sank senseless on the floor.

Morwen flew to her assistance, and Howel's wife somewhat rallied from her stupefaction.

At that same moment in burst Angarad, the wife of fox-faced Madoc.

"Where is she?" she shouted, her eyes glaring, her hair bristling with rage. "She is here—she—the wife of our chief. Are we all to be dragged to the gallows



because of him? Is every woman to become a widow? He call himself a priest! Why, his Master gave His life for His sheep, and he—ours—fleeth and hideth his head, whilst those whom he should guard are being torn by the wolves."

"Silence, woman!" exclaimed the old man wrathfully. "I joy that my son has given up his life to save his chief."

"But I am not content to surrender my Madoc," yelled the bold one. "Let us have the hated Saxon or the worse Norman to rule over us, rather than one who skulks and dares not show his face. My Madoc will be hung to-morrow, as they have hung Sheena's man now. I have seen it. They pulled him up."

"Be silent," shouted the old man, and tried to shut her mouth.

"I will not be silent. I saw it all. They drew him up, and then a man sprang from the ladder upon his shoulders and stamped."

A cry of agony from the wife of Howel, who flung out her hands, as before, against the wall, and stayed herself

the house. Sheena remained where she had been laid—as yet barely conscious. Howel's wife dropped into her husband's arms, meaning, still powerless to weep.

In the inner chamber, dimly lighted by a small window covered with bladder in place of glass, on a bed sat Morwen, with her hands clasped between her knees, looking despairingly before her. Every word of the cruel woman had cut her heart as the stab of an envenomed poignard.

Did I'abo know what was being done at Caio? No—assuredly not. She who had read his thoughts and knew his heart was well aware that he would readily die himself rather than that any of his people should suffer. He knew nothing. They, with a rare exception only, would meet their fate, the men give their necks to the halter, the women submit to be made widows rather than that their master and chief should fall into the hands of his enemies. Brave, true, faithful hearts! But was it right that they should be called on to endure such sacrifices? She shuddered. What, would she have him taken and die an ignominious death? Him whom she loved better than anyone—with a one, soul-filling love? Could she endure

## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Bishop of Worcester has left Hartlebury for a cruise in the Mediterranean, and does not expect to be back until Easter.

The Archbishop of Canterbury is to preach at Wimborne Minster on April 21 in connection with the centenary of the Church Missionary Society.

Winchester Cathedral owes much to Lord Northbrook, who has given a second donation of £1000 towards its restoration. £4000 is now required to complete the work.

The midday services to be held during Lent at St. Saviour's, Southwark, will be unusually attractive this year. The list of preachers includes such popular names as the Rev. E. A. Stuart, of Bayswater, the Rev. S. A. Alexander, Reader of the Temple, and the Rev. H. L. Paget, Vicar of St. Pancras. For City workers whose place of business is east or south of the Mansion House, St. Saviour's is a more convenient Lenten resort than St. Paul's.

The speech of Lord Halifax in the House of Lords last Thursday week attracted general admiration. Its fire and passion contrasted strikingly with the lukewarm utterances



"The benediction and the strength of God and the help of our fathers David and Cynwyl be with thee, my son, and when thou art a man revenge thy father and thy ravaged country."

there. Sheena heard nothing—she was but returning to consciousness.

"Why do you not bring him back?" asked the hag, facing Morwen with fists clenched, fangs exposed, and eyes glaring. "Why do you keep him hidden, that we all may be widows—and you be happy with your man? What shall I do without my Madoc? Who will support me? Am I young enough to maintain myself? Is the whole tribe to be dragged down, that you and your husband may live at ease and be merry?"

"Woman," said Morwen, trembling, "I do not know where he is concealed."

"Then find him, and let him come forward to save us all. Shame, I say, shame on him!—the false shepherd!—the hireling—who fleeth and careth not for the sheep!"

The rattle of arms was heard, and at the sound Morwen slipped out of the room into the inner apartment, that she might not be seen.

Immediately two men-at-arms entered, leading Howel between them.

"He is granted one hour," said the man who could speak a few words of Welsh. "Monday he dies."

"Clear the room!" said the old man; and to the soldier: "Remove this frantic woman." He indicated Angard; and he himself, with their assistance, drew her—swearing, struggling, spluttering with rage—from

such a sacrifice as that? Then she heard the step of Howel coming to the door.

He entered and was with her alone.

"Morwen," said he, in a low voice, "I shall be able shortly to do no more for my dear chief. Should you ever see him again, tell him from us all—all but perhaps one who is beside himself with fear—that we die willingly. But with him I can no more communicate. That must be done by you. It is expedient that he should fly farther; search will be made everywhere for him. Where he is, that I know not, though I may have my suspicion. Do this—at nightfall mount the valley of the Annell till you come to the stone of Cynwyl."

"The stone of Cynwyl," repeated Morwen mechanically.

"Take a pebble out of the brook and place it upon the rock. That will be a sign that he is not safe, and must fly to other quarters."

"What other tokens be there?"

"Two pebbles was to be the sign that all was safe and he was to return. That is not the case at this present time. Remember, then—One pebble."

"And two calls him hither?"

"Two pebbles. But remember, One only."

"Two pebbles," said Morwen, but so that none heard it: it was said to her own heart.

(To be continued.)

of the other side. Many interesting details of the boyhood of the Ritualist leader are to be found in the letters of William Cory, the famous Eton master. Charles Wood, the future Viscount Halifax, was Cory's favourite pupil, and the two spent many happy holidays together. Lord Halifax was an Eton contemporary of Lord Rosebery, and Mr. Cory describes these two as his most promising pupils. In French, especially, he says that they were far ahead of their companions.

Not for many years has London House, St. James's Square, looked so bright as it does at present. Bishop Creighton will be in residence there until Whitsuntide, and he intends to make his official residence not merely a place of business, but a home. Those who used to attend meetings there in Bishop Temple's time found the grey dreariness of the halls, rooms, and staircases intensely depressing.

Archdeacon Sinclair has appointed to the benefice of St. Leonard's, Shoreditch, the Rev. W. Bryant Salmon, the well-known chaplain of the Mission to Seamen in the Port of London. St. Leonard's has a population of 9000. Mr. Salmon had four years' experience of a working-men's parish when he served as curate of Radford, Nottingham, and his work for the Poplar seamen has been attended with remarkable success.

Father Adderley, who is the most popular of all Lenten preachers, with the possible exception of Canon Knox-Little, is conducting a midday mission at St. Margaret Patten, Rood Lane, E.C., from Ash Wednesday until Friday, March 3.

V.





THE GERMANS IN CHINA: SCENE IN THE MAIN STREET, TSINGTAU, KIAO-CHAU.

FACSIMILE SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MELTON PRIOR.

Kiao-Chau recently engaged the attention of the Reichstag, when the sum of 8,500,000 marks was asked for the development of Germany's new possession. Tsingtau, the German headquarters, lies on the south-east side of a spit of land at the entrance to the bay of Kiao-Chau. Germany has found the anchorage at Tsingtau insufficient, and will form a harbour on the north side of the spit. The south side will however, be used for residential purposes. Our illustration shows the village as it was just after the occupation, when the Germans were setting about their civil and sanitary reforms. At first the troops went about armed.





RUSSIAN MILITARY METHODS: COSSACKS CROSSING A RIVER IN BOATS EXTEMPORISED FROM WAGONS.

*In Russia the ability to cross wide rivers and other tracts of water quickly is a matter of great importance, and the Cossacks, who are usually in advance of ordinary pontoon facilities, are constantly trained in various methods of fording. A favourite plan is to collect the light wickerwork bodies of the wagons owned by the peasantry, and cover them with tent tarpaulins. An extemporised boat of this description will carry from 10 cwt. to 15 cwt. and the tent canvas is joined with such dexterity, with strips of wood, etc., that the leakage during a few hours' trip would only be nine or ten gallons.*





MOUNTAIN TRAVEL IN GUATEMALA, CENTRAL AMERICA.

The primitive means of transport on the high table-lands and mountainous districts of Central America will exist till a railway running north and south, midway between the two oceans, will introduce modern and more convenient contrivances. When the Spanish conquerors took possession, they found no beast of burden as they had found the llama in Peru. It was the tall, muscular Indian of these mountainous regions who was the beast of burden then. And so he is to-day. A leather thong, with a pad over his forehead, keeps the load of from six to nine stone in its place. A callous growth on the forehead and the disappearance of the hair are the result. For passenger travel a kind of wicker-box, sometimes made of wickerwork, sometimes of rough boards, with a seat inside and a sort of thatch overhead, is used. Water and provisions are carried by another Indian in the "lucaste," a sort of crock.



## EVENTS OF THE DAY.

The Canadian-American Commission has, it would appear, fallen upon troublous times. At last Saturday's meeting, at Washington, of the Joint Commission, the Canadian delegates practically gave notice that they could not continue their labours further, as they had failed to make satisfactory progress on the Canadian border question. The possibility of a treaty being concluded now seems rather remote, but Mr. McKinley had not given up hope, even when matters had reached their unpromising condition on Feb. 11. The Canadian

members made immediate preparations for departure, and asserted that nearly every proposal advanced by them had been rejected. On the fisheries and sealing question there was practical agreement, but the United States held out small hope of reciprocity, as timber and coal concessions were almost certain to be thrown out by the Senate. The Alaskan boundary dispute was not advanced towards settlement, the ultimatum being too diverse.

While the friends of the late Sir John Millais are collecting money for a memorial statue, and those of Lord Leighton are striving to keep his old house in Holland Park Road in the hands of the public, attention may be called to the house in Leicester Square, now the headquarters of a busy firm of book-auctioneers, which was once inhabited by the first President of the Royal Academy. For over thirty years Sir Joshua Reynolds there made his abode; thither came, between the hours of eleven and four, the sitters whose faces he

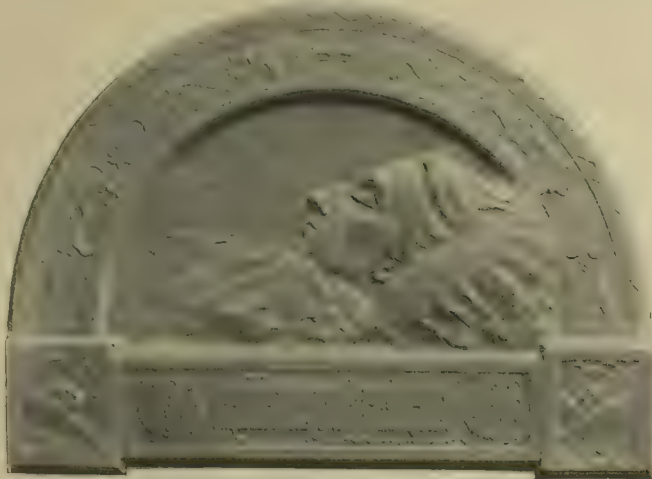


has made more familiar to London in our day than ever they were in their own; and there, too, on Sunday evenings he had those unpremeditated suppers at which all chance comers were made welcome, with the result that some of the guests went away hungry and said ugly things of the painter's hospitality. The painting-room, octagonal in form, was twenty feet long and sixteen broad—a studio much more insignificant in size than many a painter of to-day cares to occupy; but those were the days of great painters and small studios. He painted near the high, but not large, window, and he "never sat down when he worked," says Northcote, as though it was then exceptional for the portrait-painter to stand. He does so now; nay one, the greatest and most alert, runs backwards and forwards between every dart of his brush at the canvas. Sir Joshua's sitters' chair and his palette are relics which, if they cannot be seen in Leicester Square itself, are treasured close at hand—the palette in the National Gallery.

Skating in India sounds like a contradiction in terms, but during January the best of winter pastimes was enjoyed at Naini Tal, in the North-West Province. Naini Tal is a municipal and hill station, the summer headquarters of the provincial Government, in the district of Kumaun. It lies at an altitude of 6400 ft. above sea-level. Close to the station is a beautiful lake, known as Sukha Tal (the dry lake), the valley of which is

used in summer as a rifle-range. During the exceptionally severe frosts this year, the lake has been frozen over, and the European residents of Naini Tal enjoyed the most homelike of Christmas out-door amusements. Our illustrations show the lake during the frost, and the lake and station after the thaw had set in.

The portrait in relief of the late Princess of Bulgaria, from which our illustration is taken, was executed the night after death by Professor Boris Schatz, of the Sofia State



THE LATE PRINCESS MARIE LOUISE OF BULGARIA.

Portrait Modelled after death by Professor Boris Schatz.

School of Design. Prince Ferdinand gave permission for the work to be done, but would not permit a cast to be made of the features, so Professor Schatz worked until four a.m. modelling a bas-relief portrait. The sculpture is in the Bulgaro-Byzantine ecclesiastical style. The inscription, in the old Slavonic tongue, runs: "Her Royal Highness Marie Louise, Princess of Bulgaria and of Parma." Right and left are the dates of her birth and death.

Lord Cromer, as well as Lord Kitchener, was a victor at Omdurman, and the debates since the reassembling of Parliament have brought many tributes to the policy of which

Hon. Rowland Baring. Mr. Gorst.



LORD CROMER VISITING THE FIELD OF OMDURMAN.

From a Photograph by the Hon. Arthur Stanley, M.P.

he was the promoter, and the climax of which was the "subjugation" of those territories—for "subjugation" is Lord Salisbury's deliberate word. Moreover, Lord Cromer has since developed the plan of campaign to be carried forward by Lord Kitchener now that peace has been restored, and henceforth the civilian and the soldier will have need for close and constant co-operation. Questions of administration and the cost of administration will demand the utmost thought and pains that can be bestowed by the most experienced of diplomatists, and by a General who is said to be "a genius of finance." Meanwhile, Lord Cromer has himself stood upon the battle-field, the "red rain" of which is counted upon to make the human harvests of the Soudan grow again.



SKATING ON THE LAKE, NAINI TAL, INDIA.



THE LAKE, NAINI TAL, DURING THE THAW.

Photographs by H. S. Widdlood, Naini Tal.



Lord Leighton's bequest of £10,000 to the Academy was made by word of mouth, and on the last day of his life. It was a time when the dying President was under some slight illusions as to the amount of his fortune; but that misunderstanding did not prevent his devoted sisters from regarding as sacred his last wishes on this and on other points, although the sale of his household gods became in consequence a necessity. An endowment founded in such circumstances seems to carry with it special responsibilities, and the public will watch rather jealously the administration of a fund which will yield some £300 to be spent year by year, or in larger accumulations at longer intervals, on works of decorative painting, sculpture, and architecture. Of course all depends upon the choice that will be made under the terms of "The Leighton Bequest"; and while one can imagine it under unfavourable circumstances to be an endowment worse than wasted, one may, on the other hand, picture to oneself a constant and welcome succession of fountains, statues, marble seats and so forth adding to the adornment and convenience of our parks and other places of resort. With the President and Council of the Academy lies the responsibility of doing well or ill with the means so generously and so trustingly placed at their disposal.

On Feb. 8 the schooner *Rose Hill*, having discharged its cargo, was anchored off Barking Creek, when a sudden squall of wind capsized it. The captain and his wife were drowned; so was one child. A little baby girl was saved, also a man; but the strong tide carried away the other bodies before help was available, and they were not recovered



THE "ROSE HILL," SUNK OFF BARKING.

next day by the dragging of the Thames Police. The raising of an iron vessel of over a hundred feet long and twenty broad proved no light matter, and the first attempts were abandoned until strong steam-tugs and the appliances of the Thames Conservancy could be requisitioned.

In the Irish Channel the fury of the recent gales found one easy victim, when H.M.S. *Resistance*, long non-effective, once a guard-ship at Holyhead itself, and since stationed at Portsmouth for experiments, was sunk. She was on her way from Plymouth to the Mersey to be broken up, when the gale overtook her, drove her into Holyhead Harbour, and overwhelmed her half-way between the breakwater and the Royal Mail jetty. The



H.M.S. "RESISTANCE," SUNK AT HOLYHEAD ON FEBRUARY 9: THE VESSEL AFTER HER LAST DAY IN USE AS A TARGET.

old war-vessel that had weathered so many storms sprung a leak at last, and met with a seafarer's grave, the sailors in charge of her having themselves a narrow escape.

The Sanatorium at Martinsbrunn is one of the most popular resorts for invalids in all the Tyrol, and the sights to be there seen are not always necessarily cheerful ones. It has been said, in surface defiance of some of the ethics of art-professors, that the greatest cruelties of the world have been perpetrated in the most exquisite of scenes. Beauty of situation sets no barrier at least against grief, and nothing could have seemed more melancholy than the aspect of Meran the other morning when the body of the young Prince Alfred of Coburg was borne away from the Sanatorium to the railway station at Meran, escorted by troops, and followed by his father, our

own Duke of Edinburgh, and other mourners. The hearse was drawn by four black horses, and as the coffin was lifted into it, the soldiers saluted and the trumpets sounded the General March. There was an abundance of white flowers to add a poignancy to



MARTINSBRUNN SANATORIUM, MERAN, WHERE PRINCE ALFRED OF SAXE-COBURG DIED.

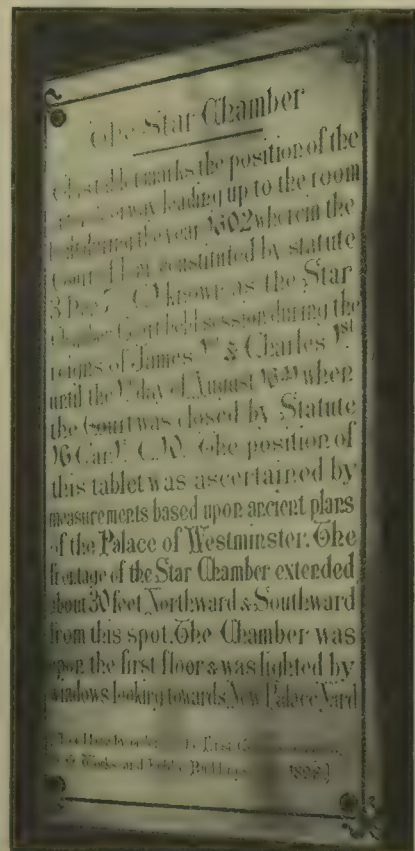
From a Photograph supplied by Bavarian Derby.

the trappings of woe, just as the beauty of the landscape and of the line of hills seemed to add a new pang to the departure of the dead Prince from their midst.

There is no room for "the conscientious objector" in the Army or the Navy, or even in the ranks of pupil-teachers, in the matter of vaccination. The Act of last Session did not, said Sir John Gorst the other day in Parliament, set aside the Article of the Education Code requiring all candidates for pupil-teacherships to bear the stamp of Jenner. That statement produced a "Hea, hear!" which expanded into a cheer when Mr. George Wyndham for the Army and Mr. Goschen for the Navy declared that no recruit was accepted, conscience or no conscience, unless he submitted himself to vaccination.

The Lord Chief Justice means to make for himself the name of a reformer of the Acts relating to the promotion of public companies. His address to the Lord Mayor last November has been followed by an allusion in a speech at Kingston, an innocent little town which unexpectedly finds itself associated with the affairs of what cannot be called the High Finance. The Lord Chancellor apparently fears that in hitting at the dishonest company-monger, the law may discourage the legitimate and honourable spirit of commercial enterprise that has done so much to create and multiply the industries of England; and the trade of England, as we all know, needs no further hampering in its competition with the trade of other countries. But the Lord Chief Justice seems sure of his ground when he says there is a blow still to be struck at the receiver of a secret commission. The objection is not made against the commission, but against the secrecy of it; and in future it will have to be declared in order to be legalised, if the Lord Chief Justice carries the little Bill he himself is proposing to submit to Parliament.

Memories of the Star Chamber are not particularly exhilarating, but henceforth the representatives of the people in Parliament are to be reminded of it, whenever they pass the place that was once the door leading to the Court, long held to be infamous, but lately made the scene of an attempt at historic white-washing. Henry VII., as the tablet records and as Hallam discovered, created or revived this judicial council, and both Tudor and Stuart Kings themselves attended some of its sittings. Nor were Kings alone responsible. By its means, as Macaulay has roundly said, "the Government was able to fine, imprison, pillory, and mutilate at pleasure." The most atrocious sentence of the Court is the familiar one pronounced against Prynne, whose invectives against the ladies of the stage were followed by his condemnation to stand twice in the pillory, to have both his ears cut off by the common hangman, to be branded on the forehead, to pay a fine of £5000, and to be imprisoned for life. These memories date back two hundred and fifty years, when, by the Act of Charles I., the key was turned in the door that the tablet commemorates.



BRASS TABLET IN WESTMINSTER PALACE MARKING THE POSITION OF THE DOOR LEADING TO THE STAR CHAMBER.





BY RAIL TO KLONDIKE: THE FIRST EXCURSION-TRAIN ON THE WHITE PASS AND YUKON RAILWAY CROSSING THE SKAGWAY RIVER, JULY 21, 1899.  
*This excursion-train, the first ever run so near the Arctic Circle, took the men, women, and children of Skagway for a trip, just a little more than a month after the commencement of the race*





## HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS IN DENMARK: SKETCHES IN JUTLAND.

In Denmark the dairy industry occupies a leading place. Central dairies receive the daily milk-supply from the farms within a certain radius. The full milk-cans are deposited along the road, and the cart of the central dairy makes its round twice a day, depositing the empty cans and taking up the full ones. The milk is conveyed to the central dairy to be made into butter or cheese. At the end of the month the dairy farmer receives his share of profits, less working expenses, according to the quality and quantity of milk he has furnished. The Island of Fanø, on the west coast of Jutland, is a pleasant summer resort, with good sea-bathing, and can be easily and comfortably reached by the fine Tegner-Price steamers on the Harwich-Esbjerg Route. During the greater part of the year it is populated by the gentler sex, most of the male inhabitants being far away on the high seas or fishing in the Arctic Circle. All the work is therefore done by women; even the laying in of peat for winter fuel. They navigate their scows cleverly enough, wear a distinct costume, and cover their faces with black cloth masks. The general opinion is that this is done to protect their faces against the impalpable sand and salt-water spray; but others pretend that it is the remnant of a custom of former days, instituted at the dictation of the husbands, who forbade their wives to show their faces to strangers. The younger generation will probably abandon it, but it is still the ruling custom. Among our illustrations we give a view of the central dairy of a district. They are built after a uniform plan. Steam is used to drive the machinery, and telephonic wires communicate with every farm in its radius. All milking and tending cattle is done by women. The cattle are so docile that on being released from the tethers they come of their own accord and wait for their turn at the farm-yard. Another characteristic picture is that of a little girl leading a number of cows to pasture. She carries a mallet to drive in the stakes on to which the tethers are fastened. The crops of barley or oats are gathered from the small patches of land, which are tilled by the women, who carry on a brave struggle against the drifting sands and fierce winds.



## LITERATURE.

## NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

- The Copper Princess.* By Kirk Munroe. (Harpers.)  
*Some Portraits of Women.* By Paul Bourget. Translated by W. Marchant. (Dowry.)  
*The Romance of a Ritualist.* By Vincent Brown. (John Lane.)  
*Runnymede and Lincoln Fair.* By J. G. Edgar. (Ward, Lock.)  
*Cressy and Poitiers.* By J. G. Edgar. (Ward, Lock.)  
*The Life and Letters of Lewis Carroll.* By S. D. Collingwood. (T. Fisher Unwin.)  
*A Hundred Fables of Æsop.* Illustrated. With an Introduction by Kenneth Grahame. (John Lane.)  
*Modern England Before the Reform Bill.* By Justin McCarthy, M.P. Story of the Nations. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

"The Copper Princess" is a good-natured, ill-written, entirely incredible tale. So altogether outside reality or literary effort is it that it can be honestly recommended as restful and refreshing. Dick Peveril was brought up to be a millionaire; but at the end of his Oxford career he found himself penniless. He was a magnificent athlete, which Mr. Munroe seems to regard as connoting all the moral virtues. His friend Owen was only a brilliant student—a very suspicious circumstance. Of course Owen is the villain of the story; and though the two college friends seem separated by oceans and continents and every other kind of obstacle, they keep running up against each other, as only the principals of irresponsible fiction ever do. Peveril's search of riches in a discarded mine. "The Copper Princess." Mr. Munroe would like us to believe to be very hopeless. But we know all along his pet athlete is going to strike millions in copper, and that the fair lady of the frontispiece, in her Anne of Geierstein pose, is destined to share and grace them. The scholar-villain, of course, has in the meanwhile made a bad matrimonial bargain, and in every way points the moral to aspiring college lads; stick to your wickets and oars; learning is a snare of the Evil One. The gods protect the men of slow brain and ready fists.

"Some Portraits of Women" is a translation, not faultless by any means, of M. Bourget's "Voyagouses." Incidents in his travels—M. Bourget is one of the rare Frenchmen who travel—and especially the faces of women, have suggested the matter of the tales. He divined the romance of strangers' lives, and set down his guesses with much circumstance. France, Greece, America, Ireland, Italy are the backgrounds. M. Bourget is an observant and cultivated tourist, as well as a writer of great reputation. Nevertheless, a good many readers may join us in our critical attitude in face of these stories. All the writer's reputation cannot hide the fact that they are dull, ill-constructed, clumsy, and extremely commonplace in feeling and reflection. Their lengthiness, their serious-mannered sentimentalism, are, perhaps, due to a mistaken study of some British models; but we had better things for him to imitate. There is no great mastery of the short tale among us; yet we could not easily tolerate such a clumsy rendering of an Irish ghost-story as he presents in "Neptune Vale." The book is by one of the widely acknowledged masters of contemporary French fiction; but, frankly, it was not worth translating.

Practical, common-sense people should avoid the "Romance of a Ritualist." It will only make them very angry. It is true there are sensible folk in the story—very pleasant ones, too, but it is quite plain the story was not written for their sakes. It was written in order that we might wonder over, and sympathise with, a very annoying person, who makes a great fuss about his soul, gives no end of trouble in his circle, and who was very likely quite as much of a fool as the sensible reader will believe him to be. Asgar is the most uncomfortable man imaginable. He has not an instinctively virtuous nature. Yet he yearns after spirituality more than most. Neither in religion nor in love can he make up his mind like a man, and he sheds an atmosphere of gloom all round him. To tell the truth, he is not very interesting. But in saying so, we do not mean to say his mother, who is just the reverse of him, is our ideal. She is only a sweet-natured, healthy, very limited, and adorable old lady, exquisitely sketched. What we find of real and exceptional interest in the story is the writer. Everywhere he pervades it, with his delicate grace of sympathy, his entire lack of censoriousness, his reading of all the gentler, the feminine, the suffering natures like an open book. His grace and delicacy mean no lack of strength. Indeed, there are few books to-day written with such quiet power as this and one of its predecessors, "My Brother."

Mr. Edgar provides matter enough in each of his two substantial, closely printed volumes, "Runnymede and Lincoln Fair" and "Cressy and Poitiers" to fill the reading-time of an average boy's holiday. To grown-up readers they will seem relentlessly long, but we have found that, once a boy's attention is caught, he is greedy for all the adventure and circumstance that can possibly be stowed away within the covers of a book. These stories are written in an old-fashioned style, a kind of heroic bombast, but they will not be the less popular for that in the right quarters, where realism makes no easy advance. The characterisation is well defined in good black and white, with no shades between. Mr. Edgar has real gifts for this kind of work, and far more grit than most of the writers of historical romance of a later style. A boy will greedily devour in his stories what in a hardly less serious school-book form he would evade and despise.

The life of Lewis Carroll, humorist, scholar, and lover of children, is something more than attractive. On the surface all is kindly and comfortable and amusing and cultivated, as if the air of Oxford were fluttered but never disturbed by the mild unconventionality, the delicate fooling, of one who was nevertheless a true son of hers. But the inventor of the wayward original humours of "Alice" was not of a nature that could be swiftly guessed at and gauged. Here we get plain glimpses of the active, scientific brain that spent happy hours of sleeplessness in the framing and the solution of mathematical puzzles; of the rigid don of the old school, himself responsible for mathematics, but zealous of

the honour and the stability of classical learning in the University; of the ideal playmate and correspondent of children; the fanatic amateur photographer; the dramatic enthusiast; the rabbiatary; the high and dry Tory with sympathies that linked him to sects and coteries far outside his party. There are hints, too, of greater incongruities of a nature not easy to understand; and Mr. Collingwood is not very helpful. Like most biographers, he is over timid; and to the intellectual temper of Mr. Dodgson he is in nowise an adequate guide. But his professions of ability are very humble; and if he had omitted one extract from the Diary, on page 85—since he has omitted a good many more important things—we should have commended his judgment so far as it went. But though subtler treatment was wanted for this gentle, bizarre, greatly gifted, strangely limited nature, the superficial impression given is delightful. The histories of Lewis Carroll's child friends, the endless reproductions of his photographs of them and of other celebrities, must give the book a wide and deserved popularity.

We have been waiting all our lives for Mr. Grahame's edition of Æsop. In childhood we knew there was something wrong with the Æsop in our possession, which we treasured only for its hints of what an Æsop might be. This is what it can be. The dull, dead wording which we knew, that almost made the tale an insult outside the school-room, has disappeared. Instead, we are bidden return to the spirited coloured version of Sir Roger l'Estrange, who wrote before the great age of translation had gone by, when translators often used their originals cavalierly enough, but their own tongue with the mingled respect and audacity of free-born citizens. "A Daw that had a mind to be sparkish—" What a fine ear-opener at the beginning of a fable! Alas! we used to suck the fun and the story of Æsop through the mind of a bore! Besides the delights of l'Estrange, there are Mr. Billinghurst's excellent pictures, and Mr. Grahame's amusing preface. Only grown-up folks will appreciate this last to the full, but children will be tickled by his extracts from the fable-book that the beasts make about us.

In "Modern England Before the Reform Bill," Mr. Justin McCarthy gives us the first instalment of a book which will bring the survey of modern England from the days of the younger Pitt down to the present time. No one is better fitted than Mr. McCarthy to compile such a book for popular use. His own long Parliamentary career has given him an experience invaluable in dealing with the legislative changes and developments of the time, while his wide social and literary sympathies have prevented his giving undue importance to mere legislation. The biographical element is strong, and the descriptive portraits of Fox and Canning, Earl Grey and Lord John Russell, are exceptionally good. A wise and generous attitude towards men and things keeps the book far above the fighting party level. A gentle and practical philosophy pervades it, and the many-sidedness of its views on the early life of a strenuous century, the constant acknowledgment that politics and politicians count only in their due degree in the making of history, remove it from the ranks of the dry-as-dust compilations whose only possible audience must be desperate examiners. The illustrations are very numerous, and, one is forced to say, very bad.

## A LITERARY LETTER.

LONDON, FEB. 16, 1899.

The literary event of the week pertains to the stage—a rare circumstance in this country. By the production of "Grierson's Way" at the Haymarket Theatre, Mr. H. V. Esmond has leaped at a bound to a place by the side of Mr. Pinero as one of our foremost dramatic authors. There has been no play so deserving of consideration since "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." The New Century Theatre Society, of which Mr. Massingham and Mr. Archer are, I believe, directors, may be congratulated upon the justification of the society's existence, which this success implies. Mr. Esmond has printed a few copies of "Grierson's Way" for private distribution among his friends.

The following paragraph appears in the *London Daily Mail*—

At last the grave of Keats, writes our Rome correspondent, is going to be looked after. It will be rescued from the shameful neglect in which it has lain for so many years in the Protestant Cemetery at Rome.

The headstone, with the famous inscription, will be placed in a better position to be seen; the ditch, which runs along two sides of the tomb, will be bridged to render access more easy to the numerous Anglo-Saxon pilgrims who yearly visit the venerated spot; shrubs will be planted, and other improvements made.

This is due to the initiative taken by Professor W. Knight, of St. Andrews University, who wrote an indignant letter to Professor Reynaud, which was submitted to the Roman municipality with the above commendable results.

It would be interesting to know whether the Rome correspondent of the *Daily Mail* has ever really taken the trouble to go to Keats's grave. I have seen Keats's grave twice within the last three years; I was there not so many months ago. It has never suffered from "shameful neglect," and cannot, therefore, be rescued from it. The grave of Keats and the grave of Keats are, it is true, in an isolated portion of the Protestant Cemetery, but there has always been a certain unkempt order about them, which could by no possibility give offence to any genuine admirer of Keats. The inscriptions are perfectly decipherable, as a photograph which appeared in this Journal a year or two ago will demonstrate. The ditch which separates the graves from the roadway is already bridged, and the suggestion that there are to be shrubs planted, and other "improvements" made, is one over which every lover of English poetry should shudder. Only very vulgar or very ignorant people would desire an alteration. Professor Knight, we are told, has addressed indignant letters to Professor Reynaud. Professor Knight, we know, holds the chair of Moral Philosophy at St. Andrews. I wonder what chair attached to an Italian University is held by Professor Reynaud? There is a "Professor" Reynaud who does duty as one of

Cook's excursion guides to show tourists over Rome for a small fee—an excellent guide, as I can testify, for the hurried visitor to the Eternal City. But the two Professors—the Cook's guide and the moral philosopher—will do well to leave Keats's grave alone.

Mr. William Sharp writes to me in reference to the suggestion of the *Daily Chronicle* that he is identical with Fiona Macleod: "No, *cher confrère*, I must not be credited with what is due to Miss Macleod—who is Miss Fiona Macleod, and not Mrs. Sharp, or Mr. and Mrs. William Sharp."

Mrs. Atherton's forthcoming "Daughter of the Vine" was announced here some weeks ago, and is announced over again this week in other journals, with the addition of the tiresome puff preliminary that is becoming so great a feature with certain publishers who desire to become their own reviewers. When I have read Mrs. Atherton's new book I will say what I think of it; but the publisher's opinion is sufficiently indicated, it may be presumed, by the fact that he has elected to publish. Each publisher has at least one man of letters of considerable faculty to "read" manuscripts for him, and thus we know beforehand concerning the books issued by any reputable house, that two men of ability—the publisher and his reader—have decided that they are good books, or, at any rate, saleable ones.

Mrs. Atherton is in Washington, where she has been made the subject of a long and interesting interview in the *Post*, a journal which struck me when I was in the United States as being possessed of by far the most intelligent staff of interviewers in that country of the interview. The *Post* elicits from Mrs. Atherton that she was born in San Francisco, that her mother was a Southerner, that she was brought up in her grandfather's library of the best old English classics, and had read no American authors. "I never even read 'The Scarlet Letter' until after my marriage."

His many friends will congratulate Mr. William Heinemann, the publisher, who is to be married next week to Donna Magda Sindici, better known as Kassandra Vivaria, the author of "Via Lucis." Mr. Heinemann has probably enjoyed more success than any other of the younger publishers, and he has secured it by virtue of a strong individuality. During the ten years or so of its existence his firm has published many striking art-books, some valuable historical biographies, and scores of powerful novels; and he has managed to secure numberless good authors without the assistance of the authors' agent and in defiance of him—the one test that a publisher has brains—and he has been able to keep these authors.

Mr. Andrew Lang is often supposed to be the slave of the adventure romance. Scott and Dumas, we know, are his heroes in the past, and to-day he is supposed to appreciate Mr. Stanley Weyman and Mr. "Anthony Hope" rather than Mr. George Gissing and Mr. George Moore. I find him, however, in *Longman's Magazine* with a word of enthusiastic praise for Mr. Pett Ridge's "Mord Em'ly." Mr. Lang declares this to be "manly, reticent, sympathetic," and that its author "has more humour than all the widely advertised Poseidon Hickses of modern fiction." Mr. Pett Ridge, by the way, has written a new novel entitled "The Breaker of Laws," an entertaining and powerful story of a burglar who would be an honest man, but who finds the predatory instinct too strong for him.

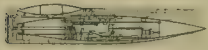
Mr. Sell's colossal dictionary of "The World's Press" is scarcely the subject for a Literary Letter. Outside the journalistic and commercial world, where it is of enormous utility, the book should only be known by the fact that it is probably the largest book published annually. In this, its nineteenth year, it comes out in two volumes instead of one, and there are a thousand pages in one volume and seven hundred in the other. Journalism is usually supposed to have very little reverence for literature, and the commercial world still less; but I find in Mr. Sell's publication many pages devoted to public libraries, illustrated somewhat incoherently with portraits of Bulwer Lytton and Passmore Edwards, of W. M. Thackeray and Andrew Carnegie. The most interesting illustration, however, is a portrait which is described as that of "Mr. Robert Burns." Mr. Andrew Lang should be propitiated, and should reconsider his views as to the deterioration of manners in our Press. Many of us hold the view that when an author or a public man has been dead even for two or three years, it is a compliment to his fame to drop the prefix. To speak or write of Gladstone and of Peel, of Stevenson and Matthew Arnold, is to suggest that they are with the immortals—with Burleigh and Lym, with Pope and Gray. Mr. Lang, I know, would prefer "Mr." Stevenson and "Mr." Matthew Arnold. Mr. Sell's dictionary is, however, even more exigent—it will have "Mr." Robert Burns.

The *Daily Telegraph*, in emulation of the *Daily Mail*, will sell to its readers what it calls "The Hundred Best Novels." One would count this matter for congratulation were one not certain that by the "hundred best novels" the *Daily Telegraph* is obliged, as becomes a shrewd commercial enterprise, to mean "the hundred best-selling novels"—another word for the hundred worst novels, judged by any good literary standard. Sir Edwin Arnold will, I understand, make the selection.

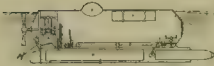
The writer of "Books and Bookmen" in the *Manchester Guardian* deigns to inform us here in London that the house in which Charles Lamb wrote "The Old Familiar Faces" in Little Queen Street was about to be pulled down. A reference to so popular a book as Canon Ainger's "Life of Lamb" would have told this gossipier that the house in which Lamb had lodged in Little Queen Street, and where his sister killed her mother in a mad frenzy, was pulled down years ago; and that it was not here, but in Chapel Street, Pentonville, in 1798, that the pathetic verses commencing "Where are they gone, the old familiar faces?" were written.

C. K. S.





Davies' Invention, 1881.  
*Demon*. Compressed air;  
horizontal hull for immersion.



Flais' Invention (French), 1885.  
Gas motor; immersion by reduction of volume.



Boncher's Invention, 1885.  
Propelled by screw; submarine guns.



D'Allest's Invention (French), 1886.  
Hot-air and petroleum motor; immersion by introduction of water; sunk by rudder.



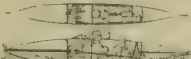
Halstead's Invention (American), 1879.  
*The Canning Whale*. Driven by two hand cranks; immersion by introduction of water.



Laganne's Invention (French), 1881.  
Motive power, steam; steel belt.



Lake's Invention (American), 1886.  
*Argonaut*. Steam-screw, electric-driven wheels to run along bottom of sea; immersion by water reservoir.



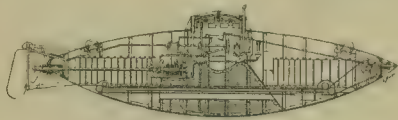
Holland's No. 1 (American), 1875.  
Pedals; immersion by introduction of water.



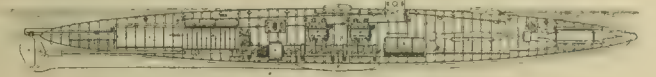
Peral's Invention (Spanish), 1880.  
Electro motor; immersion by introduction of water.



Drzewiecki's Invention (Russian), 1877.  
Propelled by pedals; immersion by introduction of water.



Drzewiecki's No. 2, 1879.  
Propelled by winches; immersion by water reservoir; optic tube.



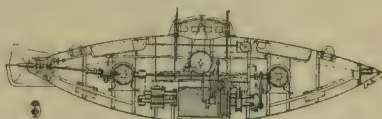
Forst's Invention (French), 1881.  
Petroleum motor above water, electric below; immersion by introduction of water.



Piatti del Pozzo's Invention (Italian), 1881.  
Built in spherical compartments; screw; power undetermined; immersion by introduction of water.



Goulet's No. 1 (French), 1883.  
Jointed screw; electric motor and oars.



Drzewiecki's No. 3, 1881.  
Electric motor; immersion by water-reservoir; optic tube.



Garrett's Invention, 1875.  
Gas motor; immersion by diminution of volume.



Holland's No. 2, 1882.  
*Plongeur*. 14 knots speed at sea; water 8 knots below; immersion by introduction of water.



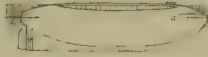
Nordenfelt's Invention (Swedish), 1885.  
Propelled by steam above water, heated air below; immersion by two lateral screws.



Baker's Invention (American), 1892.  
Steam above water, electricity below; immersion by screws.



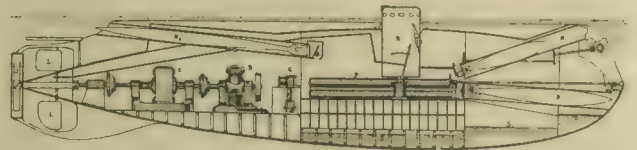
Campbell and Ash's Invention (English), 1885.  
Two screws and electro motor; immersion by reduction of volume.



Lecauley (French), 1887.  
Screw; motive power undetermined; horizontal rudder for sinking.



Baker's Invention (American), 1892.  
Steam above water, electricity below; immersion by screws.



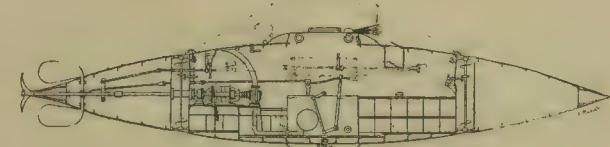
Holland's No. 3, 1886.  
Power; gas above water, electricity below; immersion by introduction of water.



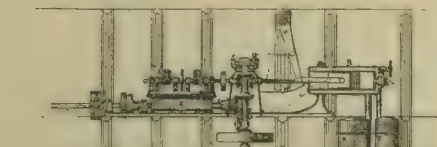
Haight and Woods' Invention, 1886.  
Screw; driven by liquid carbonic acid; immersion by introduction of water.



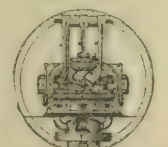
Gustave Zédé's No. 1 (French), 1888.  
*Gymnote*. Steel. Power by electricity; immersion by introduction of water.



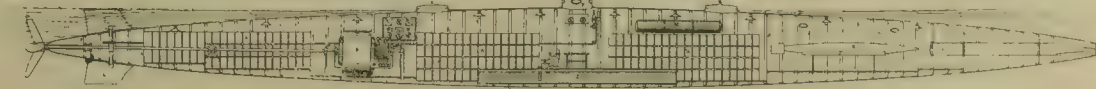
Waddington's Invention (English), 1886.  
Steel. Power; electricity; immersion by two vertical screws in wells.



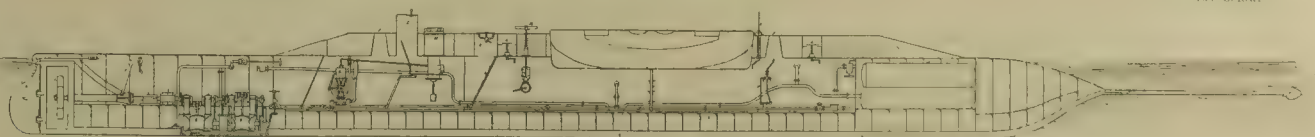
Baron's Invention (French), 1886.  
Power; petroleum above water, compressed air below.



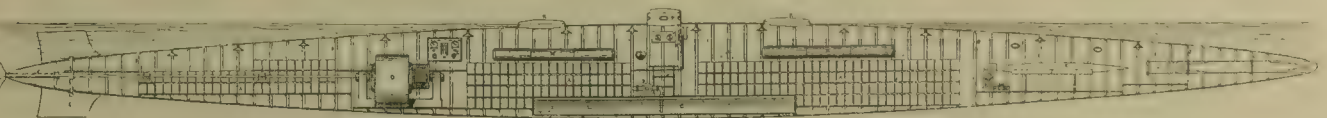
Transverse Section of Bourgeois and Brun's Vessel.  
See below.



Roma-zotti's Invention (French), 1866.  
Morse; in "Roma" metal; electric motor of 350-horse power; immersion by introduction of water; horizontal rudder.



Bourgeois and Brun's Invention (French), 1861.  
*Plongeur*. 450 tons; screw driven by compressed air; engine 80-horse power; immersion by water, by vertical screw, and reduction of volume; armed for torpedo practice; disarmed 1864.



Gustave Zédé's No. 2 (French), 1892.  
260 tons; electric motor of 750-horse power; immersion by introduction of water; sunk by horizontal rudder.





STUDIES FROM LIFE AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS: NO. VIII.—A CALIFORNIAN SEA-LION.

By LASCELLES AND CO., 13, FITZROY STREET.

*Years ago, at certain seasons, the sea-lions were to be met with in vast numbers on the Farallones; and the sound of their roaring could be heard miles away. Now, however, like their kindred elsewhere, their numbers have been woefully thinned by constant persecution.*



## SCENES OF THE RECENT FLOODS.



ETON PLAYING FIELDS, LOOKING TOWARDS SLOUGH.



ETON PLAYING FIELDS.

The weather has been really worth talking about during the past few days. Friday of last week was the hottest day of February known in London for some forty years, and it was actually hotter than any day of last July. On the skirts of the heat came gales and floods which also made a record of their own. The wind was from the

tidings of phenomenal floods. If on the coast of South Wales the tide rose 39 ft. 8 in., which is eight inches higher than ever before, so also the flooding of the Thames Valley from Oxford downwards has been unusually destructive, the playing fields of Eton being submerged, and Windsor ceasing to be *terra-firma* in many of its low-lying

swept away. Nearly a hundred tons of the old castle at Neath have been blown down, and near at hand a gamekeeper was found dead on the sands, having perished from exposure and exhaustion. A tidal wave in the river Usk did serious damage in Newport and its neighbourhood, extinguishing furnaces, demolishing walls, and drowning



VIEW FROM WINDSOR STATION.



VIEW FROM WINDSOR BRIDGE.

south-west, and with the new moon came the Spring Tides, so that the wave on the shores of the Channel and of the Bristol Channel reached or surpassed its former high-water mark, and piers, water-fronts, and sea-walls suffered at Dover, Sandgate, Seaford and Ryde, at Folkestone, St. Leonards, and elsewhere. From inland places also come

parts. Large tracts of land in Yorkshire are covered by the floods; and the Fen waters have been out from Peterborough to the Wash. In some cases railway traffic is impeded by the floods, the Rhondda and Swansea Bay Railway being in some places six feet under water, and a portion of the Great Western Railway at Lydney being

cattle and poultry. Meanwhile, accounts reach London of Atlantic liners disabled, and of ships arriving in New York Harbour encrusted with ice as if they sailed in Arctic Seas. On Saturday H.M.S. *Edgar* arrived at Plymouth from China so battered that the authorities did not at first recognise her.



A WINDSOR BACK STREET.



WINDSOR BRIDGE.



## LADIES' PAGE.

## DRESS.

Blouses are not going out of fashion for the spring; that will be acceptable news to most of you; so convenient is the plan of interchangeable bodices to one simple skirt that we are sensibly unwilling to give it up. A black satin or small-patterned brocade skirt, a dark, soft-textured blue serge or even black serge skirt, and a third skirt of white satin



A FASHIONABLE COSTUME.

covered with net—these and endless blouses, thick or thin, dark or delicate in colour and fabric, low or high at the throat, duly possessed, and all occasions short of full dress seem to be provided for; and the addition of the lace blouse to the armoury makes a blouse fit for even a smart evening function. I would not deceive you by pretending that the blouse is as smart now as the skirt and bodice of one material, for the growing popularity of the tunic over-skirt, either actually cut in one with the top, Princess fashion, or simulating being so cut, is a noticeable fact. But a blouse, well shaped and trimmed, is usually satisfactory, for it is all that is seen in an ordinary way, the unobtrusive skirt passing unnoticed; and for comfort and economy, together with variety, the fashion has everything in its favour. The lining of a blouse should be well fitted, but the semi-full effect in front should be retained, the more so because it is now given to the majority of costume bodices too, even the tailor-coat being usually relieved of its severity by a semi-bloused vest intervening between the edges of the cloth when the coat falls open.

A charming evening blouse shown me as a new model is of white silk muslin over a thin pink silk; it is cut half high, and finished with a band tightly drawn along the décolletage of ribbon brocaded in Pompadour colours, which also forms a waistband for the muslin to slightly pouch over, and likewise straps round the loose muslin elbow-sleeves midway between the shoulder and elbow. A large, full *chaou* of velvet finishes off the design both at the left side of the waist and the left shoulder, and these rosettes are supplied to pin on at choice in both turquoise blue and a delicate pink. This is a charming design fresh from Paris, and any dressmaker could, I think, make it from this description. Another was in rose-pink velvet swathed across the figure, and finished at the bust with white lace twisted in and out of a band of the velvet, from which hung a fringe of coral and white beads. Either of these with a plain black satin skirt would be perfect for wear at the theatre or with the white skirt at a dinner-party. For the morning, the glacé silk blouse is to be used. The tones of these models also run much to pink; a magenta-like pink is used in several models. One such is quite plain in cut, and trimmed to simulate a bolero with lattice-work of narrow black velvet ribbon, the same trimming covering battlements at the collar, under which passes a lace stock tie that finishes off at the front as a full bow. Another, approaching cherry

colour, is strapped on the top to form a yoke-trimming with many bands of shot silk toning between cherry and green. A similar trimming continues down the blouse in the centre, both back and front, graduating in width to the waist, where a narrow belt of red velvet holds it in place.

Blue has been a very favourite colour recently for the smart brides travelling-dresses. Chinchilla combines admirably with blue, and is much used. That fur can be recommended with more confidence for trimmings than for entire sets; it will last a dress out, but it is a rather unsatisfactory investment, compared to furs in general, for large and costly capes or flouncings. While new, nothing can be softer or more becoming, but after an unreasonably short period of wear it is apt to become dull and matted of surface; it particularly resents getting wet, and what use is fur that one cannot wear in a snowstorm? Brides appear to be discarding the silly superstition that opals are unlucky, for several lately have worn the beautiful and mysterious stone. Lady Winifred Clements even had the jewelled Louis bows that adorned her white satin dress at four places adown either side of her gown formed of opals, intermixed with diamonds. Miss Kennedy, the granddaughter of a well-known Colonial Governor, wore opals set round with diamonds for her bridal ornaments. Other old-fashioned superstitions that are obviously discarded by the common-sense of the woman of to-day are that certain colours are unlucky, especially green for the bride's travelling and black for the guests' wear.

I have already mentioned that the long basque will adorn spring tailor-dresses; the shape is becoming to rather stout as well as to very slim figures. It is called in Paris the amazon basque, while here it is usually spoken of by tailors as the spoon-basque. Its attractions are well shown in one of our Illustrations, where also another feature of the cloth dress of the moment—namely, the liking for the introduction of white in the vest and trimmings—can be observed. The dress is in any dark cloth, braided self-colour, with white vest, and is worn with a folded velvet hat. The other Illustration shows a plain frock-coat and skirt, with white vest and revers, turned back over dark silk ones. The boat-shaped felt hat is plainly trimmed with a silk bow.

## NOTES.

The Duchess of Sutherland is leading in the organisation of a great bazaar, to be held at "Niagara" in June on behalf of Charing Cross Hospital. Many ladies will assist the Duchess, including her interesting young relative, whom the Duchess chaperons, the Countess of Cromartie (in her own right), and charming Lady Algvy Gordon-Lennox; these three together are to hold the Scotch stall. The Duchess of Portland (whom I saw a few days ago, looking most handsome in a black dress cut in the newest of fashions, which became her slender grace well enough, curling around her feet so that she must needs glide rather than walk) will undertake the English stall. Germany will be represented by a galaxy of beauty in the persons of Princess Henry of Pless and her sister Miss Cornwallis West, and Lady Henry Bentinck. Art will appropriately be served by the beautiful descendants of the "Queen of Beauty" of the famous Eglinton Tournament, Lady Cynthia Graham and Lady Helen Vincent, aided by Lady Tweedmouth and Lady Granby. Such a gathering is always an attraction to the large world of rich but not "fashionable" people, and will, no doubt, be well attended, especially if the Princess of Wales is persuaded to open the bazaar. But when the organising ladies express a hope that they will beat the record of the Press Bazaar of last year, they underrate the value of the enormous free advertising afforded that function by its connection with newspapers.

The worst of it is that all the hospitals alike could make good use of a round sum like the £10,000 raised by the Press Bazaar, and the example of the success of one will lead to ladies being flooded with appeals to hold another such affair. Indeed, the begging letters that reach every person of even moderate means are endless and importunate; and much of the money subscribed must be expended on the printers, clerks, and secretaries engaged on the extensive business of sending out begging circulars for more funds. The Post Office is a gainer to a large amount. One enterprising secretary had the inspiration to try to tap the charity of the Colonies, and shortly before Christmas he despatched 230,000 copies of a printed appeal to Australia. Women are traditionally and by instinct interested in charity, but it is by no means so satisfactory to pass it through the hands of the management of an institution as to see more closely the direct results. However, such indirect administration of individuals' bounty is inevitable in the present state of society, and about all that one can do is choose the charitable organisation to support as wisely as possible. The two chief points to require are that the purpose in view shall be worthy of sympathy, and that the expenditure made on it shall be commensurate with the object attained.

On both points, in any given case, opinions may differ. I confess that I read the report of the Duxhurst Home for Inebriate Women, and see that a capital sum of £20,000 has been sunk on buildings and other expenses, and that only 112 women have been admitted in the course of three years, of whom but 50 per cent. appear to be reclaimed, with regret that such unworthy objects as drunken women should be the objects of such expenditure. But other appeals and reports come on to my table that arouse a great wish that I could help the charities largely; such as the Royal Normal College for the Blind—where Dr. Campbell is trying hard to get the management back from the London School Board—the Hospital for Incurables, and, above all, perhaps, the charities that help the sailors—good, boy-like,

manly, brave, hard-working fellows, ill-paid and ill-fed and deprived of all pleasure in daily life, as they are! Such heroism, such fine endurance, such devotion to duty as they show! Why, the Victoria Cross was never given for a more courageous and self-sacrificing act than that just reported of the third officer of the *Londonian*, who refused to leave the sinking ship because there was no room for both him and the captain in the boat of rescue—one of the two could have gone, but, of course, as the captain says quite simply, he could not possibly go and leave any other man on board, and the third officer absolutely refused to leave the captain all alone on the sinking vessel in the face of death. Ought not women to care for such men? Yet the seamen's hospital, the *Dreadnought*, is said to have fewer gifts of little luxuries, flowers, fruit, game, etc., than any other.

However, lately, two special efforts to help sailors have been undertaken by ladies. One is a ladies' fund for the National Life-Boat Institution. The second, recently inaugurated by the Duchess of Albany, is a Ladies' Guild in aid of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society. The headquarters of this society are at Shadwell, but aid is given to destitute and sick sailors in all parts of the world. Lady Roberts is the president of the Ladies' Guild in Ireland. Branches are to be, if possible, formed in all large towns, each member pledging herself to give or collect five shillings, and to try to interest others. Another excellent seamen's charity is the Royal Alfred Institution for the Aged Seamen at Belvedere, Kent, where some old sailors are housed and kept, while old-age pensions are given to many others to live on in their own homes.

The Society of Lady Artists has become the Society of Women Artists without any great change in its displays. There is a creditable show at the Suffolk Street gallery, but it is by no means a fair representation of the work of women painters of the day, and it seems a mistake to emphasise the sex of the workers when the very best work that women do is not there. Naturally the best pictures of the leading artists are reserved for the great exhibitions. Of those at Suffolk Street, indeed, the best have been almost invariably shown elsewhere previously. Still, the exhibition is not without interest, and is at all events much better than it used to be some years ago. One of the strongest exhibitors is Miss Anna Nordgren, who is represented by a picture of an old woman; Mrs. Jopling sends two pretty pastels; and Miss Fanny Moody shows several of her well-known and always admirable dog studies. This reminds me that Mrs. Anna Lee Merritt writes to me that she has at length completed another painting to offer to the next Academy Exhibition. For



A SPRING TAILOR-DRESS.

several years past she has been exclusively occupied in painting frescoes on walls, chiefly in churches, an art in which she works in a special medium, and in which a great display of her peculiar skill was seen on the vestibule walls of the Woman's Building at Chicago World's Fair. Mrs. Merritt had the distinction of being the first woman artist to have a picture purchased by the Chantry trustees, in whose collection it has now a companion from a woman's brush in Miss L. Kemp-Welch's spirited horses, FILONENA.



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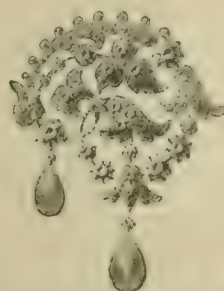
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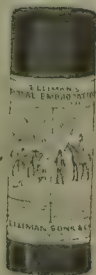




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The will (dated Aug. 28, 1896), with a codicil (dated Nov. 25, 1896), of Mr. Francis Howard Taylor, J.P., D.L., of Darfield House, Hove, and Middlewood Hall, Darfield, Yorkshire, who died on Nov. 10 last, has been proved by Mrs. Emily Taylor, the widow, and Charles Howard Taylor and Vincent Thornely Taylor, the sons, the executors, the value of the estate being £49,471. The testator bequeaths £200, an annuity of £1500, and the use, for life, of his house at Hove, with the furniture and effects therein, to his wife; £25,000, upon trust, for his daughter Florence Emily; £17,000, upon trust, for his daughter Constance Brenda; £200, upon trust, for the parish schools at Great Houghton, Yorkshire; and £300, upon trust, for the deserving poor of Darfield. He devises and gives the Middlewood Hall estate and all his real estate at Darfield to his son Charles Howard; the New Hall and Netherwood estates to his son Francis Walter; and the lands and premises called Ellice Lathie, with the beds of coal, ironstone, and other minerals, to his son Vincent Thornely.

The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves between his three sons.

The will of Mr. Michael Hunter, J.P., of Greystones, Sheffield, and Stoke Hall, Derbyshire, who died on Dec. 8, was proved on Jan. 2, at the Wakefield District Registry, by Mrs. Martha Hunter, the widow, and Mr. Michael Joseph Hunter, the son, the executors, the value of the estate being £37,542. The testator bequeaths to his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Louise Mathilde Hunter, an annuity of £400 during her widowhood; £14,000 each to his grandsons, Charles Michael and Eric, the sons of his deceased son Charles, upon their attaining twenty-five, or at the death of his wife; and all the household and domestic effects at his two residences to his wife. He devises the Stoke Hall estate to his son Michael Joseph for life, with remainder to his first and other sons, according to seniority in tail male. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life, and then to his son Michael Joseph.

The will (dated March 5, 1894), with two codicils (dated July 25, 1895, and June 6, 1896), of Mr. Hild Nicholl, J.P., of 32, Lancaster Gate, Hyde Park, and Houndswood, St. Albans, who died on Jan. 5, was proved on Feb. 6 by Henry Hoyle Oddie, Edward Gream Oddie, and Edwin Frederick Hill, the executors, the value of the estate being £21,515 13s. 5d. The testator bequeaths £2000 and the use, during her widowhood, of his plate to his wife; and legacies to servants and executors. The residue of his personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for all his children. He devises the Houndswood estate to his wife, for life, and then to his eldest son, Hugh.

The will (dated Dec. 22, 1897) of Mr. Edward John Reeve, of 1, Hillside, Cuckfield, who died on Jan. 8, was proved on Feb. 2 by Mrs. Ellen Gent, the sister and

sole executrix, the value of the estate being £21,078. The testator gives £100 each to his servants Lucy Atkins and Martha Margaret Morratt, and £500 each to his old servants Rose Combs and Mary Cook. The residue of his property he leaves to his sister, Mrs. Gent, for her own absolute use and benefit.

The will (dated Nov. 6, 1896) of Mrs. Elizabeth Mathews, of Queen Anne's Mansions, St. James's Park, who died on Jan. 4, the widow of Mr. Charles James Mathews, was proved on Feb. 6 by Charles Willie Mathews, the son, Edward Gibbons Mullins, and James Turner Jay, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £15,368. She bequeaths £50 each to the Home for Lost and Starving Dogs, Battersea, and the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; £50 each to her god-child, Daisy Ethel Aylmer Rose, and Constance Fuller; £2500 to Colonel William Henry Biggs Baldwin; £500 to Edward Gibbons Mullins; and £100 to James Turner Jay. The residue of her property she leaves to her son, Charles Willie Mathews.

The will of Dame Julia Mary Drummond, of Christ Church Vicarage, Chester, who died on Nov. 30, was proved on Jan. 28 by Francis Colebrooke Beresford Drummond, the son and sole executor, the value of the estate being £3997.

The Riviera of England is held by many to be found on the Sussex coast. The London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway call attention to the climatic and other attractions of St. Leonards and Hastings at this time of the year, and to the special facilities for reaching them from Victoria, Charing Cross, Kensington, Cannon Street, and London Bridge.



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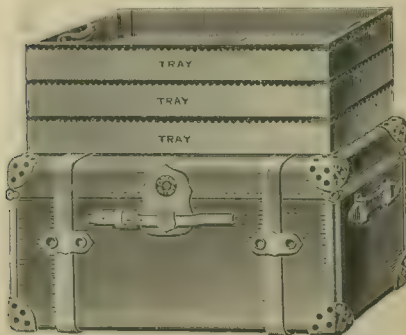
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## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

The contents of my letter-bag during this last week have revealed certain interesting matters to which I think the attention of my readers may be profitably directed. One correspondent asks me to ventilate what he regards as a veritable grievance—namely, the abnormally high price which is charged all round for aerated waters. At first, I was tempted to regard this communication as one which was unsuited for comment in this column. More mature reflection convinced me that from a scientific and sanitary standpoint the subject was one of some importance. Many an individual, for instance, desires to partake of aerated water, and finds that at his hotel or elsewhere he is charged for his bottle of soda-water a price which is absolutely ruinous, when the value of the article bought is taken into consideration. The usual cost—sixpence represents, I should say, a profit of 500 per cent. on the manufacture, and the price is simply a fancy one, which has been evolved by the retailer to yield him, not a fair, but an egregiously unfair gain. It is the same at the refreshment-rooms of every railway.

The point involved in my correspondent's remarks is that which maintains that the average man who may wish to consume a temperance beverage has really to pay far more for it than for a glass of beer, or even a modicum, say, of whisky. Personally, I am not a teetotaler, but I sympathise most heartily with my correspondent's grumble. Sold at a more moderate figure, aerated waters would still yield an enormous profit to the vendors, and I think I am right in saying that it is not the makers who reap the big share of the spoil, but the retailers—unless, indeed, when some company promoter doubles the capital of a manufacturing concern, and pockets the profit, then one may understand how increased prices, apart from increase of business, may be required to pay for the little gamble herein involved. I take it that the promotion of temperance is both a matter of sanitary and of social importance; therefore, every obstacle which is cast in the way of the enjoyment of non-intoxicant beverages must be a matter

of regret to everyone who desires to see the world become more sober than it is. That the cause of temperance will not be promoted by the high price of aerated waters is a self-evident fact.

It is, of course, an old story that no thoroughly palatable temperance drink—I mean one absolutely non-alcoholic in character—has yet ever been invented. In making this statement one may be liable to be corrected, and be shown that certain temperance beers are thoroughly enjoyable. I myself know by experience of one brand of non-intoxicating beer which is assuredly a pleasant and healthful beverage. But it is a curious fact that, apart from the beers which are brewed of an alcoholic strength that is infinitesimal, there is no drink I have ever heard of which really represents in the teetotalers' list the place occupied in the list of drinks consumed by the non-teetotaler, say, by the ordinary beer of the brewer. Contrariwise, in the course of my lifetime I have tasted "many inventions" in the way of "zoedones" and the like which have proved absolutely nauseous. Now, here is a splendid field for the inventive genius. A fortune awaits the man who shall provide the world with a harmless, pleasant beverage of non-intoxicating character. Personally, I am not hopeful of the success of that genius, for mankind from the earliest ages appear to have preferred the juice of the grape to everything else in the way of liquors, and I am afraid it will be so to the end. Well, there are many worse things in the world than sound wine or good honest beer. As for ginger wine, which is a special favourite with some teetotal folks, it is a highly alcoholic beverage. I have seen more than once a teetotaler grow wildly uproarious on ginger wine as a social evening proceeded; but the fact that teetotalers like this liquor is another proof that the old Adam that enjoys its alcohol has not quite been eradicated even from the confines of those who regard aqua pura as the only safe medium wherewith to supply the demands of the frame for fluid support.

This latter remark leads me to consider a second letter which, as often happens, written independently of the first, deals with a cognate topic. My second correspondent

asks me to explain "why people drink so much?" He proceeds to bewail the "drinking habit," by which I presume he means to indicate the consumption of alcohol by the nations at large. I cannot assist him in his wailings, save to re-echo the universal opinion that it is eminently desirable that drunkenness should be abolished, and that people should cultivate that temperance in all things which is so much commended by high authority. But I think I can supply my friend with a reason why we have to drink a good deal more, and a good deal more frequently, than we require to consume solid food.

In the first place, the human body, by weight, consists of two-thirds of water. This is matter of absolute chemical demonstration. In the next place, we must bear in mind that in all the acts of life and living, water is given off. From lungs and skin the blood is always parting with its water. Then water is required for all the vital processes—for digestion and for other functions that maintain life. Hence we see why severe thirst is so much more potent a source of anguish than is hunger. It is only the digestive system which feels the pangs of hunger directly, whereas thirst affects every tissue and every cell in every tissue of the body. This is "why people drink so much." There is a physiological reason why we want so much water. Whether people ought to take so much of the water combined with other fluids is, of course, quite "another story."

An interesting event of the coming season will be the Advertising Exhibition, to be held at Niagara Hall from April 22 to May 6. This exhibition has been inaugurated with the object of gathering under one roof specimens of the chief newspapers of the world, together with examples of the various methods and media of what is generally termed "out-of-door advertising," and especially exhibits by leading chromo-lithographers and printers, and by all other manufacturers who supply advertising firms with printed or other material, or devices for the purposes of their publicity. Upon the council appear the names of leading newspaper proprietors, lithographers, printers, photo- and wood-engravers, and advertising agents.



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**FOR EASY SHAVING,**  
WITHOUT THE USE OF SOAP, WATER, OR BRUSH.

The Label of the ORIGINAL and GENUINE Euxesis is printed with Black Ink ONLY on a Yellow Ground, and bears this TRADE MARK—



R. HOVENDEN and SONS, the Proprietors, bought the business, &c., from the late Mr. Lloyd, and now manufactured ONLY at their Factory.

From all Chemists, Hairdressers, &c.

Wholesale: **R. HOVENDEN and SONS,**  
BERNERS STREET, W., and CITY ROAD, E.C.

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Cure COUGH, COLD, HOARSENESS, and INFLUENZA,  
Cure any IRRITATION or SORENESS of the THROAT,  
Relieve the HACKING COUGH in CONSUMPTION,  
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Clear and give STRENGTH to the voice of SINGERS,  
And are indispensable to PUBLIC SPEAKERS.

Of all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors, 1s. 1½d. per Box.

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### THE ELECTROPATHIC BELT

Her Britannic Majesty's Vice-Consul, Warr. K. Atte, Esq., writes:—"The Belt you sent me is very much to my satisfaction, and the sound sleep I get convinces me that it will do me good, and I thank you for the trouble you have taken on my account."

#### SLEEPLESSNESS.

The Electropathic Belt speedily cures all Disorders of the Nerves and Stomach. Thousands of Testimonials. Pamphlet and Advice free on application to Medical Battery Co., Ltd.

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Call to-day, or write at once.

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*Maner... Ray... I'll swap you  
this rugged for last tin of*  
MANUFACTURED BY  
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**THE RICHMOND CAVENDISH CO. LIVERPOOL.**



### YOUNG LADIES

and others who are wise will  
do well to remember there is  
nothing better for their throats  
and lungs, than

**Géraudel's  
Pastilles.**

Sold by all Chemists, in Tubes, at 1/1;  
If you Cough, take  
GERAUDEL'S PASTILLES.

# WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICK



"I OUGHT TO SHAVE."

### Williams' Soaps

are for sale everywhere, but  
if your dealer does not supply  
you, we mail them to  
any address—post paid on  
receipt of price.

Sold by Chemists, Hairdressers, and  
Perfumers all over the world, or mailed to  
any address on receipt of price in stamps.  
Williams' Shaving Stick 1s.  
American Shaving Tablets 6d.  
Luxury Shaving Tablets 1s.  
Jersey Cream (Toilet) Soap 6d.

Trial Tube: Williams' Shaving  
Soap for 1d. stamp by addressing—  
**The J. B. WILLIAMS CO.,**  
64, St. Russell Street, LONDON,  
or 161, Clarence Street, SYDNEY.  
Chief Offices and Laboratories—  
CLASTONBURY, CONN., U.S.A.



"I WILL SHAVE."

"He is a new man."  
Feels at peace with  
all the world. His  
face is soft as velvet,  
and he experiences  
the soothing, refresh-  
ing sensations that  
every man does, who  
uses Williams'  
Shaving Stick.  
See how happy he  
looks!



"I HAVE SHAVED."

He gives a sigh of  
relief. He remembers  
Williams' Shaving  
Stick. He applies the  
thick, creamy lather.  
His "stubby" beard  
immediately yields to  
its softening influence.  
His razor glides smoothly  
over his face. Shaving  
has lost its terrors.

## ALL WHO DESIRE TO HAVE SOFT VELVETY SKIN CAN OBTAIN IT BY USING

LAIT  
**Larola**  
Reg'd

(BEETHAM'S IMPROVED 'GLYCERINE and CUCUMBER.')  
IT IS  
A DELIGHTFUL  
**SKIN TONIC**

AS WELL AS AN

**EMOLLIENT MILK.**

IT REMOVES and PREVENTS ALL ROUGHNESS,  
REDNESS, CHAPS, IRRITATION, &c., and  
IS INVALUABLE for the TOILET and NURSERY.

The bottles of "LAROLA" are CONSIDERABLY LARGER than those of  
the "Glycerine and Cucumber," the 1-l. size being nearly as large as the 10  
of the old preparation. M. Beetham & Son therefore trust that the Public  
will in future ask for "LAROLA" instead of "Glycerine and Cucumber,"  
as they will then get the benefit of the LARGER QUANTITY, and will also be  
protected against having inferior articles substituted for "BEETHAM'S."

Bottles 6d. post free, 8d., 1/-, 1/9, & 2/6 each, post free in United Kingdom.  
Sole Makers—M. BEETHAM & SON, CHELTENHAM.







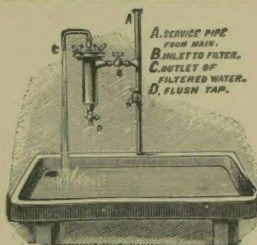
WATER ABSOLUTELY FREE FROM DISEASE GERMS

BY USING

## THE BERKEFELD FILTER

Price of Filter H, as  
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Smaller Size, F, 30s.

Glass and Earthenware  
Table Filters, from 8s. 9d.IN USE IN THE  
PRINCIPAL HOSPITALS.Can be easily and cheaply  
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of any House having  
ordinary pressure.FITTED IN LONDON BY OWN  
PLUMBERS AT COST PRICE.

Extract from the "Special Report to the British Medical Journal" on "The Relative Efficiency of Water Filters," by Dr. Fins Woodhead and

"Experiments were carried out with the Filter H, an exceedingly good model, which seems to subserve the functions of a filter better than any we have yet seen described. . . . The output is so large that there is no reason why such filters should not supply sufficient water for all household requirements." "These Berkefeld Filters afford complete protection against the communication of water-borne disease."

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City Depot—W. SCHACHT & CO., 26, Finsbury Pavement, E.C.When you have a Pain or an Ache you want  
a Porous Plaster, and you know you want

ALLCOCK'S

so ask for

ALLCOCK'S

and insist on having

ALLCOCK'S

POROUS PLASTERS.

FACE  
HUMOURSPimples, blotches, blackheads, red, rough, oily,  
mothy skin, itching, scaly scalp, dry, thin, and fall-  
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CURA SOAP, the most effective skin purifying and  
beautifying soap in the world, as well as purest  
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## Citicura

Soap is sold throughout the world. British depot: F. NEWBERRY &  
SONS, London. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CO., Sole Props.,  
Boston, U. S. A. age—How to Purify the Skin, post free.EVERY HUMOUR from Pimples to Scrofula cured  
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The late Earl of Beaconsfield,

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CURE FOR ASTHMA

Established over a quarter of a century.

Prescribed by the Medical Faculty throughout the world.

It is used as an inhalation and without any after bad effects.

A Free Sample and detailed Testimonials free by post.

In Tins, 6s. 6d.  
British Depot—46, Holborn Viaduct, London. Also of  
Newbury & Sons, Barclay & Sons, J. Sanger & Son,  
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John Thompson, Liverpool, & all Wholesale Houses.

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TO BE COMPETED FOR AT THE

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HEALTH, STRENGTH, ENERGY, AND  
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FOR GENERAL DEBILITY,  
EXHAUSTION & WANT OF ENERGY.MARIANI WINE IS DELIVERED FREE TO ANY PART OF THE UNITED KINGDOM by WILCOX & CO.,  
83, Mortimer St., London, W., 4/- per bottle, 22/6 half-dozen, 45/- per doz. Sold by all Chemists and Stores

"Yes, Sir!!

Tortoise-shell  
Mixture

is what we smoke."

. . . It is a mixture of pure Tobaccos, scientifically blended, free  
from added scent, flavouring or sugar, which only spoil the natural  
aroma of the natural leaf. It differs entirely from any tobacco  
hitherto put before the public. Give it a trial. Sold in 1 ounce  
Packets, and 2, 4, and 8 ounce Tortoise-shell tins.

Dr. ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E., Etc., says:—

"Pure tobacco is as essential a condition for the smoker as pure food and pure  
air . . . and your Tortoise-shell Mixture is absolutely pure and makes  
a cool and fragrant smoke."

Ask at all First-class Tobacconists and Stores.

Manufactured &  
Guaranteed by W. A. & A. C. CHURCHMAN, IPSWICH, LONDON & NORWICH. Est. 1790.MESSRS. MONTGOMERIE & CO., Ltd., BERMALINE  
MILLS, HADDINGTON, SCOTLAND, offer the  
above amount in prizes for the Best Cooked Plate  
of Porridge made with their New East Lothian Oatmeal,  
registered brand "Berina."The First Class is confined to Chefs, Professional Cooks, and  
Cookery Teachers.

- 1st Prize, £50 and Solid Gold Medal.
- 2nd Prize, £20 and Silver Medal.
- 3rd Prize, £10 and Bronze Medal.
- 4th Prize, £5.
- Next in order of merit, £3.
- Twelve Consolation Prizes of £1 each.

The Second Class is confined to Housewives, Domestic Cooks,  
and Children.

- 1st Prize, Lady's Gold Watch, value £10, and £3 3s.  
in Cash.
- 2nd Prize, Lady's Silver Watch and £2 2s. in cash.
- 3rd Prize, Lady's Ironclad Watch and £1 ls. in cash.
- Also Ten Consolation Prizes of 10s. to the next 10  
Competitors.

Intending Competitors should apply at once, enclosing Entry  
Fee of 1s. (One Shilling), to C. H. SENN, Esq., Honorary Secretary,  
329, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London.Sample Tins of "Berina" Oatmeal will be supplied free to  
Competitors at the Imperial Institute.WANTED, a First-class Wholesale House in London to  
represent the above firm for the sale of "BERINA" Oatmeal.

## It Stands Alone

The secret of its supremacy  
over all similar foods rests in its  
superiority over them. Nothing  
but intrinsic merit could have  
forced it to so high a place in  
the world's esteem.You are missing something  
good if you do not eat it.

THE EASY FOOD

## Quaker Oats

THE WORLD'S BREAKFAST

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE



## REVIEWS.

*Songs and Verses, and The True Cross.* By G. J. Whyte-Melville. (Ward, Lock.)

"1812". *Napoleon I. in Russia.* By Vassili Verestchagin. With an Introduction by R. Whiteing. (Heinemann.)

*With a Palette in Eastern Places.* By E. M. Merrick. (Sampson Low.)

*The Life of Sir George Pomeroy-Colley.* By Lieutenant-General Sir William Butler, K.C.B. (John Murray.)

*Memoirs of the Rev. W. Sparrow Simpson, D.D.* By W. J. Sparrow Simpson. (Longmans.)

*Loyal Lochaber: Historical, Genealogical, and Traditionry.* By W. Drummond Norrie. (Glasgow: Morison Brothers.)

If Whyte-Melville had never written anything but the famous song, "Wrap me up in my old stable jacket," he would have lived as a writer of vivid verse. As a matter of fact, he produced a mass of verse which makes a volume of some 350 pages in Ward, Lock, and Co.'s handsome edition of his works. Even the layman turns to his hunting poems just as everybody can read Adam Lindsay Gordon or Mr. A. B. Paterson, whose "Man from Snowy River" deserves to be better known. There is the rattle of a gallop about Whyte-Melville's rhymes, movement in his metre, and the dominance of an optimistic vitality. Take such refrains as—

Stand to your horses! It's time to begin!  
Boots and saddles! the pickets are in. . .  
What's a leap to the rest, is to him but a hop,  
This clipper that stands in the stall at the top. . .

His ballads, like the one illustrated here by Mr. S. E. Waller, are strong in point of narrative, and his lyrics have a touch of pathos that has long made them popular. This is a book of verse everybody can read.

M. Verestchagin's great claim on his contemporaries is to be found in the fact that he is a painter of Realism, backed by an inspiring Idea. For him Art is not an exotic. It must "fraternise with Society." In a luminous introduction he pictures the coming attack on wealth, when the soldier and the priest will get tired of being the official defenders of Society. Art will then come to the rescue, if only to save itself. By a curious coincidence M. Verestchagin's series of pictures of Napoleon's disastrous advance on Moscow are being exhibited (in the Grafton Galleries) at the very moment when his imperial master's famous Rescript is arresting the attention of the civilised world. This book is practically a collection of the historic material out of which the painter made his great canvases. It is vivid in the extreme, picturing the campaign from the setting out of the 740,000 French troops, 1200 guns, and 100,000 ammunition wagons, from Niemen in June to the wretched return with but 12,000 broken-down men. Verestchagin has extenuated nothing. There are no prancing steeds and gaily caparisoned warriors, no allegory of glory—only the grim, grisly fact of death and famine and universal ruin.

The pen seems an alien medium to Miss Merrick. Her English too often suggests a demure party in a drawing-room. Formal phrases, precise appraisements, reserved remarks about luncheons, jewels, dresses, royal or noble "sitters," touches of comical experience told without animation or verve—yes, they are often reminiscent of the afternoon call when the atmosphere has a suggestion of coldness, the hostess is none too well, and the majority of the visitors are conventional and correct. Miss Merrick merely found the Pyramids "impressive," the "view from the summit a very extensive one," the interior "stuffy." Lord Lansdowne asked her at Bombay if she had ever tasted "mango steen," and six months later offered her this same delicious fruit during a Simla luncheon. She tells much like this, palpably wasting pretty gossip meet for people "in the swim" rather than a plebeian public. But Miss Merrick has also seen life's little oddities, though she describes them in a triumphantly unbending way. She descended the slippery granite passage from the "King's Chamber" of the Great Pyramid with a rush, and did not realise until she had reached the bottom that she had done so sitting on an Arab's knee with his arm round her neck. But even at this point in the chronicle, her pen, notwithstanding a polite note of exclamation, might almost be an icicle. Her art-gift seems monopolised by palette and brush. "With a Palette in Eastern Places" reminds us of casual home-letters rather than a finished book.

Sir William Butler's work is not great biography, but it is well informed, direct in movement, and eminently just to its subject. Here and there it betokens a latent tenseness and pity; the sense of the tragedy that ended so much gallant capacity is upon it. To Sir George Pomeroy-Colley, of course, Majuba Hill was the culmination of tragedy—tragedy short and sheer. "He nothing lacked . . . in soldiery, except good fortune"—that is to say, when we think of the end. Day-dreams, wide intellectual life, great practical force, and generous enthusiasm are facts

and factors in his story. We see him an ensign of eighteen delighting in Locke and Ruskin, studying nature through all his leisure with awakened eyes. There is a winning interest in the progress of his military secretaryship in India with Lord Lytton, in whom it is the friend we find rather than the superior. African problems, the old roots of Transvaal questions—they are all here, and Sir William Butler does not fear or lack candour. The story of Majuba Hill is not absolutely clear even now. Or rather with purely military questions we have problems in the psychology of the crowd and the battlefield. Confusion and panic withal, results of what are here called the dogmatic teachings of the barrack square and other theories, there is no question of "the quiet heroism of that supreme end" of Sir George Pomeroy-Colley, in the words of the sympathetic biographer. That is living drama, outlasting death, clashing



"AND THE HOUNDS STOOD GRIM AND THE DEER LAY STARK."

From "Songs and Verses," by G. J. Whyte-Melville. (Ward and Lock.)

issues, and all controversy. On the whole, "The Life of Sir George Pomeroy-Colley" is his vindication.

The interest of Mr. Simpson's book is indirect, and depends for its breath of life upon the reader. The appeal is in the subject and its capacity of suggestion. Dr. Sparrow Simpson was one of the gracious careers of a noisy yesterday. It has been justly said that

new—not only solidifying its history, but gleaming the recoverable city lore that pertained to it. "Chapters in the History of Old St. Paul's" and books in kind were the result. As a clergyman his tolerance, practical Christianity, reverence for tradition, and belief in the ritual that was the outer sign of a reverential depth of spiritual life, were his lasting characteristics. Of his atmosphere and personality it were possible to write a little volume giving a mellow picture and leaving a quiet charm. The "Memoir" affords but facts, figures, and letters—complete and kindly, however—and the reader, so far as he can, has to vitalise the materials and evoke the possible magic for himself.

Among recent additions to the literature of the Jacobites, special mention deserves to be made of Mr. Drummond Norrie's handsome book, "Loyal Lochaber," which is a credit to its publishers, Messrs. Morison Brothers, Glasgow. Lochaber, the home of the Macdonells, was the hotbed of Jacobitism. The whole pathos of the great defeat at Culloden was felt by Lochaber as hardly anywhere else. Lochaber felt the breath of doom, for did not Allan Ramsay sing, "Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more! It's maybe we'll return to Lochaber no more!" twenty years before Culloden? Mr. Drummond Norrie has had a magnificent subject to deal with, and has accomplished his task with enthusiasm and good taste. The immediate occasion of the book is the recent completion of the West Highland Railway and the opening up of a hitherto inaccessible country. In the 500 pages at his disposal he has made Lochaber live again, while many artists, notably Mr. Lockhart Bogle, in a series of over sixty pictures, have made the book all the more vivid. "Lochaber" is brimful of romance, for if it found its hopes crushed, it sent out many men who helped to make the Empire. Mr. Drummond Norrie, for instance, treats of the rise of the Black Watch, the Cameron Highlanders, and the Gordons, with their gallant Colonel, John Cameron of Fassfern, who fell at Waterloo, just a century after his ancestors had been fighting against England at Sheriffmuir. Fifty-two years ago Queen Victoria visited the Colonel's brother, the venerable Sir Duncan Cameron, who died in 1863, the last of his line. His granddaughter is Mrs. Lucy of Charlecote Park, and his great-granddaughter is also a Lucy.

## THE AMATEUR VETERINARY SURGEON.

Among all the species known in stable and kennel, there is perhaps none better known than Elliman's Embrocation, and its proprietors have put forth a book, "The Uses of Elliman's Embrocation for Horses, Dogs, Birds, and Cattle" (Ellimans, Slough), which is not without value to owners of animals and birds. Most of the ills and accidents which commonly overtake horses are noticed, their symptoms and treatment being explained, while for those cases in which Elliman's Embrocation is a fitting remedy, the manner in which it should be applied is clearly stated, while there are some useful hints on matters unconnected with the specific of the publisher. The bulk of the book is devoted to horses, but dogs are not by any means forgotten, and this section will doubtless be much appreciated by the thousands of dog-lovers in the United Kingdom, they having, as a rule, less knowledge of veterinary science than people who own horses. Under the head of rheumatism, the compilers of the book rank kennel-lameness, and very properly so; but we are afraid that real kennel-lameness, as distinct from some temporary rheumatic affection, is not quite so easily banished from the kennel. The reason for it has puzzled people for years past, and there was a time when the Royal Kennels at Ascot were never free from it for something like twenty years; and if a dog or hound be removed and cured *pro tem.*, the lameness returns as soon as he again inhabits his old quarters. Cuts and wounds are always overtaking dogs, and every dog-owner should know how to treat them, for they may happen on the road, the field, or in a house a long way removed from the residence of a veterinary surgeon. Quite apart from medical treatment, the book contains some excellent directions for the care of dogs in general. The third portion of the book is for the benefit of the bird-owner, and here again Elliman's preparation fills an important position. The beginner at poultry and bird-keeping may not perhaps be aware that birds suffer from apoplexy and gout; yet such is the case, and when those ills overtake the occupants of the poultry-yard or bird-cage, the owner will find out, on reference to these pages, how they should be treated. Diseases among cattle have unfortunately been very much in evidence of late, for what with asthma, pneumonia, and other things veterinary surgeons have had enough to do in some places. In this department simple remedies are given, and a general course of treatment recommended. Home doctoring, however, is not a thing to be practised by the unskilful. A knowledge of how to render first aid to man or beast is always desirable, but in serious cases at least the sooner a veterinary practitioner is sent for the better.



NAPOLEON WATCHING THE BATTLE OF BORODINO, IN WHICH THE RUSSIANS LOST 50,000 MEN.

From M. Verestchagin's book, "Napoleon I. in Russia," (Heinemann.)

St. Paul's Cathedral, of which he was long the librarian, became part of his life. It was a living world to him, noble with historic voices and hallowed by stately traditions. In the shadow of its great name and distinction he laboured over its chronicles—the old and the



# About Your Daughter



THE GIRL OF TODAY who will be the Woman of to-morrow: how much depends upon this to-day for her! She does not know it: perhaps her mother has only an inkling. But between the to-day when

she is a girl and the to-morrow when she will be a woman, her life's happiness and health are in the balance. If she is to be a strong, healthy woman, fit to bring up daughters and strong sons of her own, she must develop rightly now. She must not be pale, sunken-eyed, back-achy, sallow, breathless, languid, and bloodless at this time. Let such things drift, and she has a fair chance of life-long invalidism, unless indeed she is to go into Consumption and not to have a long life at all. She is at a crisis. Give her a little additional strength, a little more blood to tide it over. Let her have the one thing that will give her strength and make the new blood, let her take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People now. You, her mother, will have your reward in seeing your girl develop into full-breasted, healthy, blooming womanhood, and of knowing that you have given her something that exercises a special and direct influence just where she needs it now.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People will do you good too, in the same connection: they are good for women as women at all ages—for men too, but in a special way for women.

If your daughter is not going on just as you like: if there is anything wrong with her, or with you, or with your husband, write to Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C., and tell us plainly what is the matter.

We will answer you quite privately and tell you whether Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have been efficacious in exactly the same sort of case or not.

## BLOOM O' THE PEACH.

### A GIRL'S BEAUTY.

A distinguished foreigner has well said: "What strikes one most in Britain is the lovely complexion of her daughters. The skin has the bloom of the peach, set off by an indescribable whiteness, which contrasts give a result more admirable than in any other land."

Miss Cissie Cowser, a young lady of 15, Palmerston-avenue, Clarendon-road, Whalley Range, Manchester, told an interesting history to a Manchester journalist. She said: "I was always strong and healthy until a little over twelve months ago. Then I began to grow altogether wrong. I felt so weak I could scarcely manage to walk; I was always tired—too tired to get about cheerfully, and the sofa was the only desirable place for me. I lost all my colour, my eyes were dim and dull, and I looked dreadful. I wanted the oddest things to eat—just the things that were worst for me. I saw a thoroughly good doctor, but I still went on in the same way. I had neuralgia dreadfully, the pain in my head being something indescribable. I could not sleep much, when I did I had terrifying dreams. All this was bad enough, but I suffered in another way—with palpitation of the heart. If I walked quickly or went up stairs my heart beat very fast indeed, the blood pumping, as it were, all through my body. I became very thin, had cold feet always, and, in fact, was cold all over. I took cold, too, on the slightest exposure."

"Some friends told me about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and I got a box. Before I had finished it, the change was most surprising. I felt different all over. I took two boxes, and was quite cured. My weariness all left me. I could run about as usual, and my complexion became as right as ever. I cannot tell you how pleased I was."

"And do you remain well?"  
"Oh, yes, and I never take cold now; I have not had neuralgia for a long time, and the palpitation has all gone. In fact, I am made over again."

## A WELL-KNOWN SINGER INTERVIEWED.

A TALK WITH MISS CLARA TORR.

(By the Chief Reporter of the "Weekly Dispatch.")

Professional singers work exceedingly hard when they hit the public taste. That the strain is calculated to injure the strongest constitution is clear from the statement made by Miss Clara Torr, than whom there is no more charming or better-known professional, and whose name for years past has been greeted with rounds of applause at every music-hall when her number appeared on the board.

"I was born in the profession" (said Miss Clara Torr to the *Weekly Dispatch* chief reporter, who interviewed her at her home in Camberwell), "my father having been in it for something like thirty years. So strong was I that at the time I was singing one of my big successes, if not my greatest success, 'Oh, Mr. Chevalier, What Have You Done for Me?' I was performing at five halls every night. It is now a little over six months ago that I had attacks of biliousness and frightful headaches. I suffered also terribly from indigestion; in fact, the little food I took in a morning did not seem to digest until really late at night. I went on like this for about three weeks. I used to feel giddy, and grew terribly pale, so my friends told me. I still continued working, however, but I suffered terribly from shortness of breath. I did not seem to get the same value out of my voice; I had to take a breath in parts of my songs where I should not; in fact, after singing a couple of verses, I felt quite 'pumped,' and began panting; and I went on like this for about a month. My husband had for some time urged upon me the necessity of seeking medical advice, and when things became worse he demanded that I should do so. I saw a doctor who is counted a very clever man, and although I took bottle after bottle of medicine I seemed to obtain little benefit. Professionals are quick to notice the changes which occur in each other, and I was told that my skin was getting positively yellow, and I was looking twenty years older. My friends told me that I was going into a decline, and I now began to feel as if I didn't care whether I went on the stage or whether I didn't. I had no energy, and I gave up altogether. Well, one afternoon a lady friend of mine came in to see me, and so struck was she by the change she saw that she said, 'Why, Clara, if you don't pull yourself together you'll be in your grave in another month. Why don't you try a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills?' I laughed, and said I wasn't going to try anything. She then brought me an account of an interview which appeared in a newspaper. I forgot the details, but it seemed that this young woman was suffering like myself—indigestion and gastric ulcer. After that I determined to try the Pills. My friend brought me about half a box to try, and I took them. There was a difference in me at once. I found myself eating better. I did not feel so giddy. My indigestion was not so acute, and the shortness of breath stopped. I went on with the Pills, and after about the second or third box I completely surprised my husband by sitting down at the piano and singing some of my old songs. I have now a number of important engagements—in fact, I have contracts for 1900 and 1901. I feel as strong now as ever I did in my life."



MISS CLARA TORR.

## THE HAPPY GIRL.

Healthy, happy girls often become languid and despondent, from no apparent cause, in the early days of their womanhood. They drag along, always tired, never hungry, breathless and with a palpitating heart after slight exercise, so that merely to walk upstairs is exhausting. Sometimes a short, dry cough leads to the fear that they are "going into consumption."

They are anemic, doctors tell them, which means that they have too little blood.

Are you like that? Have you too little blood?

More anemic people have been made strong, active, hungry, energetic men and women by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills than by any other means.

It is from the *Weekly Dispatch* that the following history is culled. Mrs. Simpson is a married lady, of 85, Caledonian Road, King's Cross. She said: "I am twenty-three years of age, and, until lately, I have never been strong since I can remember. The doctors always told my mother that I was suffering from poorness of blood. The least thing upset me. Once I cut my finger, and, try my hardest, I couldn't help fainting. I had every delicacy, and was taken about for drives; I was just as weak as ever. I felt unable to lift anything, and if I had to hurry at all, I came out in perspirations, and then had to sink down in a chair and wait until I gained strength."

"Of course I consulted other doctors. A specialist was sent for, and gave me medicine; but I had the same weakness, and still fainted as often as twice or three times a week. I spent nearly all my money in buying what doctors and other people recommended, but they did me no good."

"At last I got married. I had rather a bad illness, since, and for two or three months I was in bed. Again, a little over two months ago, I suddenly became very ill. I felt giddy; my lips and my tongue were parched; I had horrid swimming feelings in my head, and the doctor told my husband that I was suffering from nervous debility, and that unless I was very careful I was in for a long spell of illness. I should never be well again, and would be for life a confirmed invalid."

"It was just at this time that I received a letter which enclosed a cutting from a country newspaper. It was a story of a poor young girl lying at death's door, who had been cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I got a box and started taking them without the doctor knowing it. Before I was half through the first box I felt very much better. When the first box was finished I was able to sit up in bed. My doctor was surprised. He said that he had never known such a case, and he put it down to good nursing; but I knew what it was all the time. By the time I had got my second box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I was up and out of bed. I am now on my third box, and I have never felt so well for years. I feel strong, and can eat better."

It is not, however, by any means for girls only that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done so much, but for women of all ages, and for men too. They are not a purgative pill; it is strength that they give.

There is no use in blinking the matter. A person in a decline is on the road to only one thing—death. Bloodlessness is the first step, consumption (of course) nearly the last. Impoverished blood—that is what anemia really means—cannot keep the body well nourished; then comes a little cold or bronchitis, and the seeds of death are already sown. It is of the utmost importance to deal promptly with the trouble in its first stage. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills enrich the blood, and not merely stave off disease, but remove all danger of it. The rich blood, well nourished, feeds all the body, and such troubles as emaciation (or wasting), coughs, cold feet, bronchitis, rheumatism, sciatica, ladies' ailments, and backache disappear. The pills are at the same time a nerve tonic (they are not a purgative: take a purgative before you begin them), and cure neuralgia, St. Vitus' dance, too early decay of the powers and functions, spinal disease, paralysis, and locomotor ataxy. But they are genuine only with full name, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and are sold by Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C., at 2s. 9d. a box, or six boxes for 13s. 9d., post free. Imitation pink pills never cured anyone. The real pills invigorate the system after overwork, worry, and indiscretion of living.

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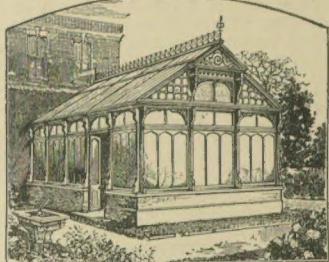
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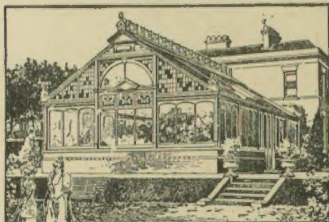
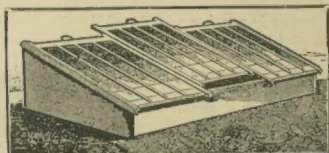


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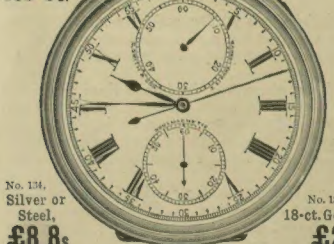
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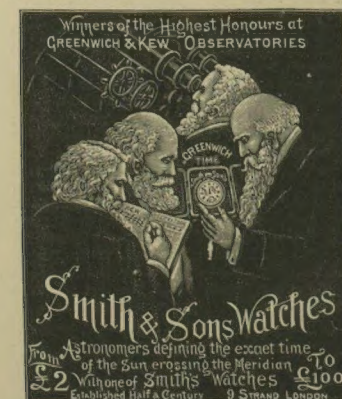
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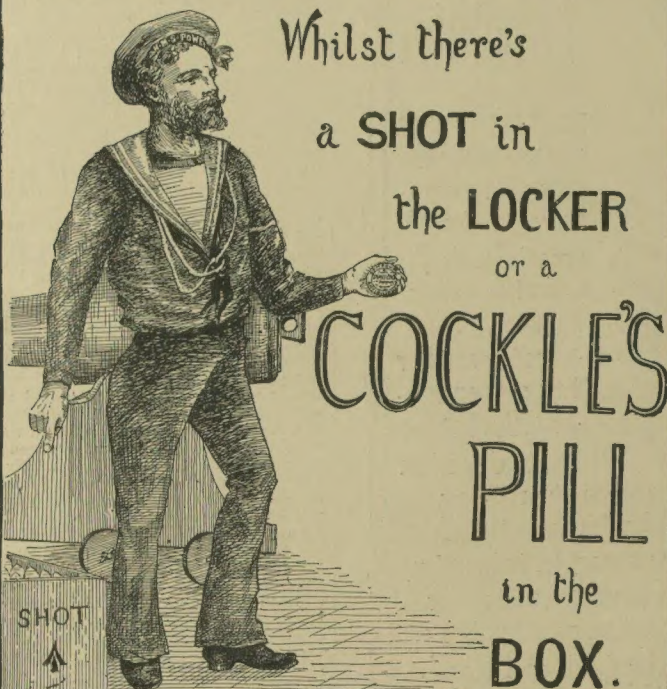
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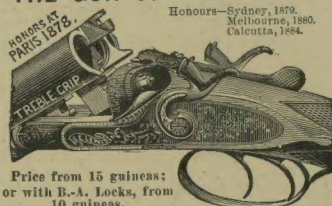
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